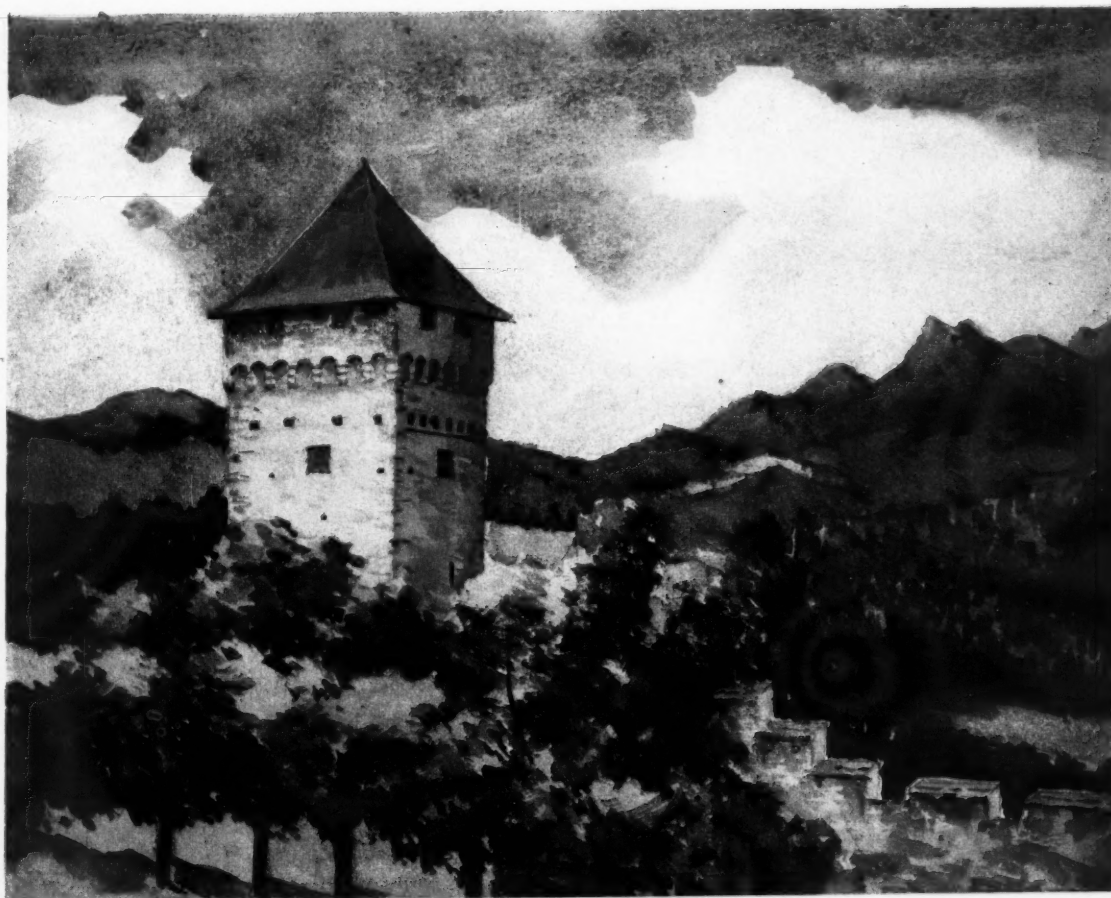


# *The* SILENT WORKER



*Watch Tower on Ancient City Wall, Lucerne.  
After water color by Kelly H. Stevens.*

MAY 1925  
Vol. 37 No. 8

25 Cents  
the Copy

**NOTICE!**

To

*Deaf Artists*

*of the World*

THE SILENT WORKER intends to  
make the October number an

*Art Issue*

You are cordially invited to send photographs of your best work for reproduction to

THE SILENT WORKER  
Trenton, New Jersey



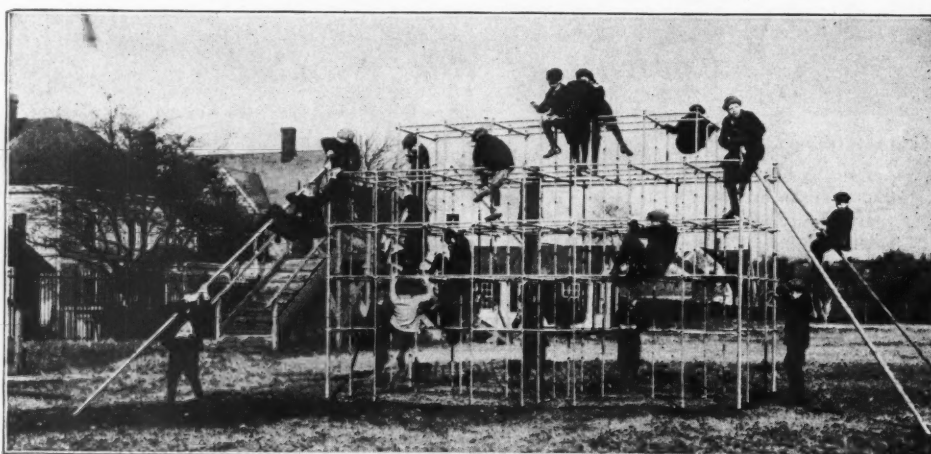
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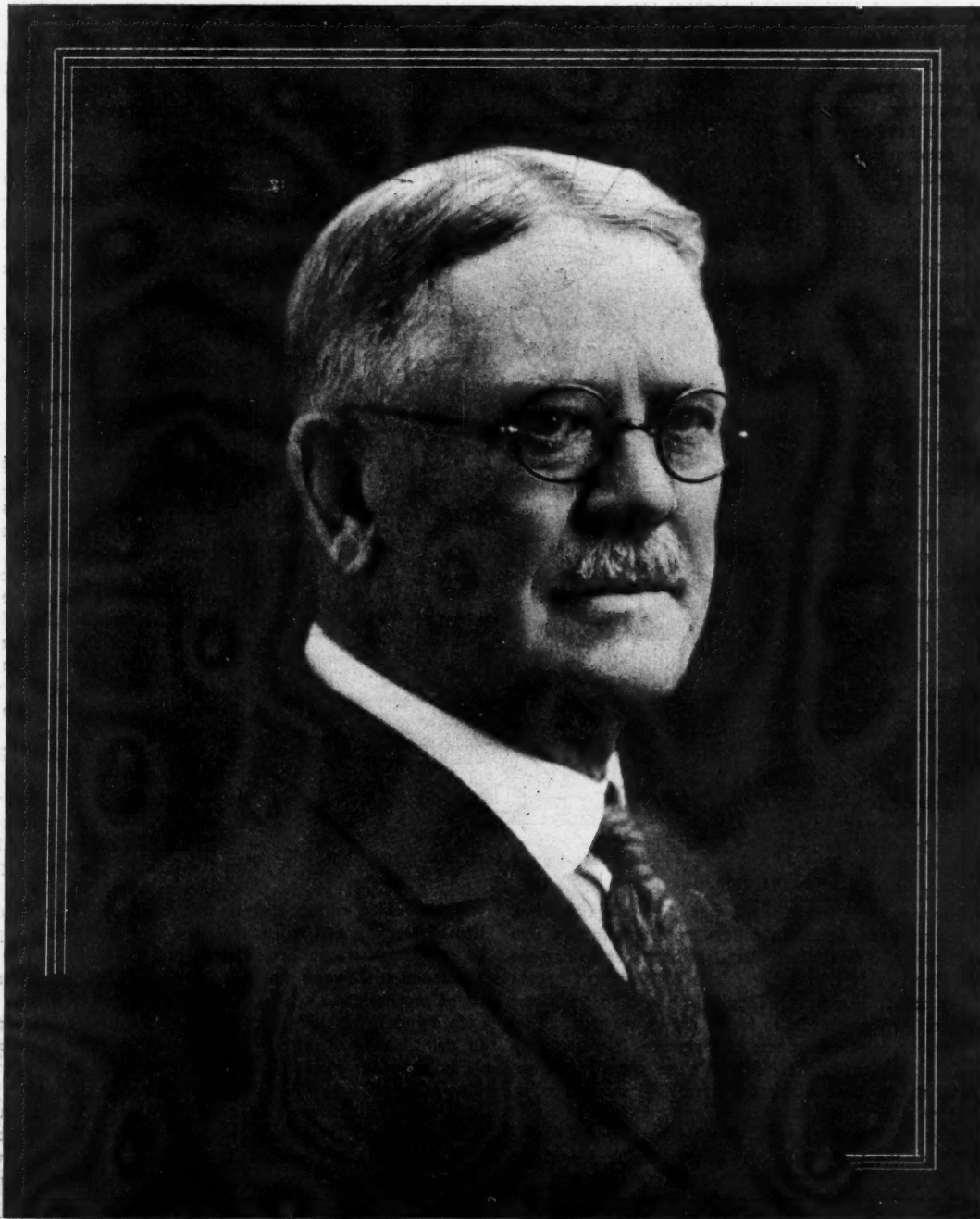
*An Illustrated Monthly Magazine For, By and About the Deaf of the English-Reading World*

Volume 37, No. 8

Trenton, N. J., May, 1925

25 cents the Copy

## Deaf Persons of Note



JAMES LEWIS SMITH, M.A., Hon. Litt.D.  
Faribault, Minn.  
Teacher, Editor, Author



# Ten Weeks on *the* Other Side

By KELLY H. STEVENS



WHILE I dressed that morning in the wagon-lit an apprehensive thought took me. Here I was in France, had no French money, had not been able to get any at Brussels the day before on account of the holiday. And here was the wagon-lit porter to be tipped, and the luggage porter, after he had taken my bags to the hotel omnibus. What to do? In my pocket book rested a solitary franc, a war souvenir brought home by a doughboy friend—value, one nickel. Who was going to get it, the wagon-lit man or the luggage porter? Well, since the pullman porter had done nothing in a personal way for me, he would have to go begging. I decided to save my franc for the station porter.

Just about off the car, bags in hand, I felt a gentle tap on the shoulder. A hand. The porter's hand. A little gentle rubbing of the thumb across the tips of the fingers. All the world understands that sign. I assumed a look of self-depreciation, as if I had the best intentions in the world but had just forgotten. An oversight. My sole, solitary franc slipped into that itching palm—but it did not grease it sufficiently. Up went the shoulders, up went the eyebrows. The hand spread wide and five fingers were held up; "But, monsieur, I want five francs!"

The first time in my young life I had had the amount of my tip dictated by the tip-pee. All I could do was to run my hands down over my garments with a depreciative gesture, throw them out in remonstrance and turn my back on my wagon-lit friend.

The omnibus took me to a quaint, old-fashioned hostelry in a quaint old street. After a *petit déjeuner* (light breakfast) I was off to the city. First, at a bank, my good American dollars were transformed into paper francs and brass tokens. Besides the paper money the people of France are now using tokens of aluminum bronze which look rather like brass. They take the place of silver coinage, since the war, and are issued not by the government but with its sanction by chambers of commerce. It was confusing, though novel, to have set foot in three countries in one day's time and to have employed three different currencies, two of them depreciated.

Strassburg is of real interest. The old part of the city is grouped about the Cathedral. The houses are very tall and often have handsome facades. Where the facades stop, the tiled roofs begin, and they are what fascinated me most about this ancient city. They rise up and up at a steeper pitch than one ever saw roofs do before. And they have rows of little dormer windows rising one above the other until one roof may have five or six rows of dormers. It almost made me dizzy to look up at them.

There are in this quarter a few handsome palaces and guild halls and best of all the Cathedral where I spent part of the day. In the south transept of the Cathedral stands the famous Strassburg clock. Twice while I was in there it struck the hour while the mechanical figures came out to play the chimes. A franc to ascend the tower. I went up and up and round and round, through staircases and crooked passageways and galleries, above the flying butteresses and the roof of the Cathedral, up among the beautiful Gothic tracteries in stone, among the gargoyles and the figures of the saints until I

reached the top. A vast sweep of valley and sky, and the crazy old tile roofs clustered far below. Up there in the great tower they have electric lights and public lavatories, rooms for the caretaker, and even beds of flowers and a photographer. It's a Cathedral with plenty of frills.

Strassburg, July 23.

Dear Al:—

When the Germans left Strassburg a few years ago they left their feather beds behind them. Not the feather beds that you and I used to know. Remember, in the pinch of winter when they were brought out of storage and laid down upon the cotton mattresses to add extra warmth? In our little nighties we would climb to the height of the foot-board, poise an instant upon it and then with a flying leap plump into the downy billows of the bed with a rattling of the slats. Those were *under*, but the one that I discovered last night was evidently to be worn *over*. It was like a large flat pillow, the size of the bed, slipped into an enormous pillow case

with be-ruffled edges, and it was intended to be used in lieu of blankets and quilts. It looked formidable as I slipped beneath it and it was. Soon I developed Turkish bath symptoms and found at the same time that that feather bed had undreamed-of propensities to tickle.

In my search for local color I have seen quite a few women in the Alsatian costume, the most striking feature of which is an enormous black silk ribbon tied around the head and into a great bow. The men affect wide-brimmed black felt hats with low crowns. As everywhere, the kids are cutest. The little boys have knee pants and long blue or black blouses and wear their hair propped close. A few of the children wear wooden sabots which are quite different from the Dutch klompen.

Lucerne, July 24.

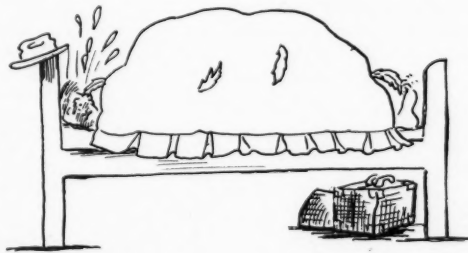
The other side of the Swiss frontier next day, everything began to take on an exceedingly prosperous look. From the train we saw well kept fields and orchards, wild flowers,



"But, monsieur, I want five francs!"



beautiful chalets and villas. But it was all surpassed when I reached Lucerne. Here the city rises on one extremity of a lovely lake and on the other side a panorama of the Alps unfolds itself. The waters of the lake are clear and pure. Along the lake runs a stone quay with walks flanked by two rows of horse-chestnut trees. Next to this esplanade runs a fine wide boulevard upon which front the hotels. Behind the hotels rise terraced gardens with villas until the ancient city wall with its parapets and watch towers is reached. Beyond it the villas start again until they are stopped by the dense forests that clothe the hillsides.



*Undreamed of propensities to tickle*

Across the lake the mountains rise almost sheer from the water. They are covered with pines and have hotels here and there up their sides and on their summits. It is interesting to watch the clouds rising from them, to see these sky ships come sailing along and break in pieces against their peaks. Beyond these mountains and far away above them rise the Bernese-Oberlander Alps which are eternally crowned with snow. Now and then the cloud veil lifts and I have a glimpse of the distant snowy peaks, ethereal and sublime.

Switzerland at this time of year is like a congress of nations. All the world seems to be flocking here, so much so that last night two hundred tourists who had just arrived were unable to get rooms and spent the night on park benches.

By now I can pick Americans and English out of a crowd very readily, both by the way they dress and the way they carry themselves. As a rule they are better-looking and more outstanding physically than the people of other nations. In a different class are the Germans. Swiss hotel-keepers raise their eyebrows when Germans are mentioned, but they are nothing loath to have them as guests as they have oodles of



*Lucerne and the Alps.*

coin. The Germans affect the Alpine costume to a great extent. You see plenty of them in knee-pants, hob-nailed shoes, and with small felt hats pulled over their bullet heads. They carry pronged walking sticks and knapsacks, even when making their mountain ascents by rail. These German tourists are everywhere pushing, crowding, taking more room than they are entitled to, trying to cut in ahead of you at ticket windows, and in other ways making themselves obnoxious to other tourists.

My first objective after another *café au lait* breakfast this morning was the *Lowendenkmal*. That's a mouth-filler and sounds formidable, but it is only the Swiss name for the Lion of Lucerne. He was easily found—not far from the hotel. There is a very pretty pool in a level step on the hillside. Around the pool is a ring of evergreens. Rising above it is a sheer gray limestone cliff. Cut in a recess in the cliff, a few feet above the pool lies—clear your throat and get ready—the *Lowendenkmal*, very much dying but not quite dead. An extremely fine piece of sculpture and very touching. From the Lion's side a broken spear shaft protrudes, an agonized expression wrings the leonine countenance. With his shaggy head and one forepaw the Lion still endeavors to shield the Lilies of France. Above the niche, in Latin: "To the Bravery and Fidelity of the Swiss"; below it a list of officers of the Swiss guards who died defending the palace of Louis XVI.

Ten o'clock this morning saw me embarked on the *Steamer Schiller* going down the lake with a crowd of other tourists to make the ascent of Rigi—one of the lesser Alps. We had a ride of an hour down to Vitznau. Along the way we passed pretty towns at the water's edge. There are many tiny little islands near the shore. Some have pleasure gardens upon them, others have shrines to the saints. At one point is a large stone image of Christ, blessing the lake with outstretched hands.



*Very much dying but not quite dead.*

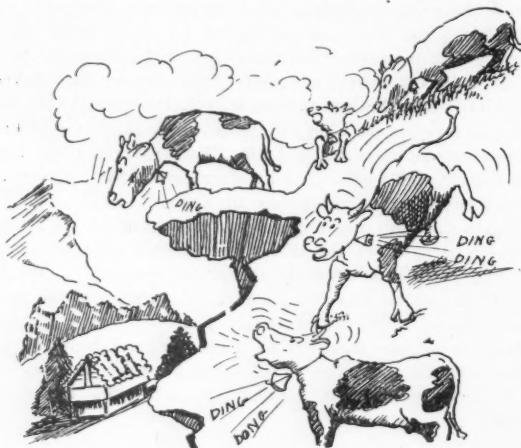
Arrived at Vitznau there was a rush for the rack-and-pinion railway, the German's knapsacks, as usual getting in everybody's way. Stowed in two compact little cars with a sturdy little engine behind us we began the steep ascent. Alpine climbing, modern style.

At the lake side I observed all sorts of semi-tropical plants flourishing: oranges, magnolias, pomegranates, oleanders and figs. As the funicular ascended the steep slope of Rigi these were left behind and we passed a great variety of Alpine flowers and grasses and richly odoriferous evergreens. How pure and clear was the air!

Up, up, up, over mountain torrents, past beetling walls of stone where water falls by the dozens leapt over the cliffs and the dainty purple bell-flowers and edelweiss grew in the crevices. One could almost lean out of the car windows and pick the flowers in passing. We glimpsed chalets and farm buildings perched at precarious heights, their shingle roofs weighted down with stones against the mountain blasts. Aloft, on high green slopes cattle and goats were grazing.

Up and up the little panting engine sent us shimmying—no other word better describes the quivering motion of the car. We passed several mountain stations with their cluster of hotels and were finally at the peak of Rigi, 5,905 feet. Here are two large hotels and a station for the trains. From here is a most wonderful view. I saw innumerable peaks and valleys and from my point of vantage counted ten different lakes. On each were clustered towns and villages.

Every now and then a cloud came floating along and enshrouded us in a clammy pall for a few minutes and sailed off on its way. Clouds are chilly things, as I discovered, and they haven't any silver linings either. It was very cold on Rigi. Everyone soon developed red noses and the sniffles, except the friendly Alpine cattle. They seemed to enjoy the views as much as we did and clambered around upon the



*Veteran alpine climbers*

rocks like veteran climbers—which they are. Ko-ling, ko-lang, ko-linge-dingle. Every cow is musical for every cow wears a bell.

Two or three hours of climbing about and lunch at the hotel, where the prices were as high as the altitude, completed my stay on Rigi. We were all glad when the train came to take us back to lower and warmer regions. An hour and a half later we were again on the *Schiller* bound up the lake to Lucerne.

*Interlaken, July 23rd*

I have already picked this country for you to blow your money in when you get rich. Switzerland is delightful in every respect—climate, scenery, people, cities, flowers and hotels. Switzerland is populated by hotel-keepers and they have been running hotels so long that they have it down to a fine art. The hotel service is the best I have ever seen—and, even



*The Jungfrau dominates Interlaken.*

though the prices vie with the altitude, the Swiss extract your money so gracefully, so courteously, that you feel it is a favor to be soaked prices as steep as the Matterhorn.

Interlaken is another resort of beauty and interest, though I prefer Lucerne. I left the latter three days ago. The train rounded the vast bulk of Mount Pilatus and began to ascend the mountain walls to the Brunig Pass. Two engines were

required for this trip, one pulling and one pushing. Looking down you see the level valley floor a thousand feet below, dotted with farms and lakelets. From the mountain sides beautiful waterfalls plunge down. There were so many that I lost count. There are many short tunnels. Three hours of this interesting route brought us to the city of Interlaken in a valley between the Lakes of Brienz and Thun. You cannot get the grand panorama that they enjoy at Lucerne. Here the mountains rise close sheer from the valley so that it seems you can almost touch them. Framed by a gap in the mountains the Jungfrau gleams dazzlingly white, serene and pure. There are other snow caps in sight but the Jungfrau outshines them all in majesty and grandeur.

Interlaken is neither as quaint nor as attractive as Lucerne; its importance lies in that it is the ideal base for excursions



*Lauterbrunnen Valley and Stanbach Falls*

into the surrounding Alps. I took my excursion today, to the Jungfrau-joch, one of the lesser peaks of the great Jungfrau.

There is electric train all the way with changes at Lauterbrunnen and Scheidegg. At Lauterbrunnen I saw the famous Falls—the Staubbach—make their tremendous leap down the precipice and vanish into thin air. Leaving Lauterbrunnen the train switched back and forth up the mountain side, giving us lovely views of the valley and the Falls.

At Scheidegg an assorted crowd of tourists took the Jungfrau Railroad, which is electric all the way. We were soon above the timber line, in the region of glaciers and eternal snow. The train entered a tunnel and continued through it for miles. It made stops at two places, where glassed-in galleries allowed the tourist to gaze down on the glaciers below. There are three of these, two coming down from the Jungfrau, and one from its neighboring peak of Eiger. After what seemed an interminable distance endured in the bitter cold

of the tunnel, we were at the Jungfrau-joch station. Here, 11,480 feet up, is a station, a restaurant and observation galleries, all within the living rock of the mountain. The observation galleries are glassed in with sheets of plate glass. From the galleries one looks down onto the gleaming expanse of a glacier, broken here and there by blue-green crevasses. How I wished I had brought smoked glasses as a protection



*An Alpine Encounter*

from the glare! I looked up to snow-crowded peaks silhouetted against a deep violet-blue sky, its depth intensified by the brilliance of the snow. Watching closely you can see the wind blow the snow off the peaks into the air where the snow becomes thin floating cirrus clouds and drifts away. When the sun shines down through the floating snow it gives the appearance of gossamer rainbows.

It was very cold; a woolen suit, sweater, overcoat, plus an English blazer barely sufficed to keep me warm. Yet, in the crowd I saw one hardy snowbird who made the trip in tennis flannels, rubber sneakers and a straw hat. The Germans were like so many goats, pushing and crowding, their knapsacks getting you in the eye almost every time you looked around.

From the observatory a tunnel leads the venturesome out onto the open mountain through a tiny door. I negotiated the tunnel, started out into the open, felt the slippery snow beneath my soles, slipped and almost fell, and then saw that it was only a snow-covered ledge, four or five feet wide, between the safety of the tunnel and a premature eternity. And I chose time to eternity! No German army made a strategic retreat quicker than I did to the safety of the doorway. Crouched here I gazed breathlessly onto the gleaming glacier a thousand feet or more below and wondered if I hadn't better go back to the curio store in the station to buy an alpenstock. While I was too much absorbed in the view to notice, around the cliff came one of these stout, strident females, very German-looking, wearing heavy hob-nailed shoes and carrying an iron-pointed stick. She was as impatient to get through the door as I was loath to leave its safety. Before I could negotiate the delicate maneuver, she crushed the door, withered me with a torrent of invective, the meaning of which, for an unknown tongue was very clear, and squeezed through. Her opinion of young Amerikaner dumkops who forget to buy alpenstocks was very plain, but I have no doubt that the fat frau was as frightened as I had been a few minutes before.

I came back to Interlaken by way of Grindelwald. It was just as interesting a sthe way up, though not so spectacular. Along the route I was afforded the interesting sight of peasants curing hay. They cut it hand, on even the steepest and most distant slopes, then rake it out. When it is dry they pack it into huge bundles in nets and carry it home, nicely balanced on their backs or heads.

Tomorrow I go down into Italy by way of the Simplon tunnel.

As ever,

KELLY.



CONGRESS OF THE DEAF AT LIEGE, JUNE 9, 1924  
Group of Members of the Congress





Ooh-S-Stop!



A Mormon Dancer



Just Married - A Romance of Bobscamp



Footloose and Fancy Free



Utah Peaches



Three of a Kind



Vamps



The Four Horsemen

UTAH'S  
FAIREST  
BOB WHITE'S LAST  
CONTRIBUTION TO  
*The Silent Worker*



Yes, We Have Real Winter in Utah.



# Prescription for Insomnia

By JAMES F. BRADY

## Pat Said to Mike



DEAF man, graduate of a technical college, wrote to a large chemical firm out West for a position, and after some correspondence was requested to come for an interview and everything was satisfactory and he was engaged. He spoke so well and could read the lips perfectly, that the President who interviewed him never suspected he could not hear. And for six months not one of his associates ever found out either. What a marvel! But rain must sometime or other spoil a perfect sequence of lovely days. In some manner—maybe a fire alarm rang and he was obvious to it—he was found out and there was a lot of explanation. The general manager was oh very sore that anybody could have put something over on him and called the deaf man into his office where he gave the culprit a bit of examination as to his hearing, and lack-a-day there was no way for the scoundrel to hide his defect when some one purposely placed behind him spoke to him. With regret the manager told him that it was against the rules of the firm to employ deaf people in that department where he was and resignation was in order. The argument that he gave satisfactory service for six months did not alter the situation. He was deaf and that was sufficient.

The above was told me by a responsible party and he evidently believed it possible. By the way he is a staunch advocate of pure oralism. It is an axiom in the realms of psychology that if you believe hard in a certain thing you will swear by it as being right, no matter if other level-headed and practical people see through its defects.

Here follows another job-hunting adventure which had a denouement we are familiar with.

A young fellow working with me answered an advertisement for an experienced linotypist which he certainly was, but he neglected to state that he was a deaf-mute. In a few days he was notified that he was accepted and to report at once. Let him tell his experience. "When I reached the office I told the clerk I came for a job. She said there was no vacancy, evidently having been given orders to shoo away deaf people. But I showed her the letter and she took it into another room out of which presently appeared as mean-looking a boss as one could meet. He had the clerk write that he did not know I was deaf and did not care to have such people on his machines. I told him it was unfair to have me give up my other job and spend my money for fare. He reluctantly called the foreman who with plain evidence of dislike looked me over and told me to go with him. Put me on a machine and stood by for fifteen minutes to see that I did not wreck the contraption. Evidently he saw that I was all right, but I had to exceed my speed limit and cultivate his good graces. I was there for several weeks and a 'dull spell' hit the place and the foreman said that he regretted that he had to lay me off. I told him I did better than most and did not see why he did not keep me. All he said was 'Orders from the front.' So I had to leave and got a job in another place where the people are more reasonable."

Now, the question naturally rises, is it not better in writing to a distant city for work to mention that one is a deaf-mute and aside from that tell of your experience? There are all kinds of employers, a good many of whom do not hear of us and will not employ us from convictions of their own. Or perhaps a particular shop has reasons for not wanting deaf people because of detail work which must be given orally and

with speed. We must admit that there are some things we cannot do and do not blame the employers for discriminating. How are we to know that the shop advertising may be in that class.

Surely common sense will dictate safety-first methods and will save embarrassment on both sides.

## The Rod and Staff—

A friend complained that when he goes to church he listens to sermons and he expects them and enjoys them when they are not too dry, but when he attends a banquet he anticipates a "flow of reason," and he gets sermons and exhortations and advices. At lodge meetings again he has to listen to preachings and when he takes up his papers for the deaf he is in for some more warnings and moral feed—as if the deaf were a body of fools or infants who needed guiding all the time. He thinks it's about time that we must kick and get out money's equivalent in return.

Certainly he is no helpless child and all the deaf are not in need of a daily ration of advice, but there are some who must be preached to, and we have to bear things for their sake. Take that Food Concern stock business for instance. Those radio fakes for another. Do not forget the gentlemen of wit who pass through cities claiming to be this and that prominent deaf man. Real estate sharks, lawyer shysters, quack medicos, advertisements offering something for nothing, throwing up a steady job for something at the end of the rainbow, listening to slander and adding to it and passing it along—all are evils that must be preached against and reiterated.

Is it not the truth?

## Something Might Haopen

You may have read in *The Frat* of the big sums of money in the different funds of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf which with the valuation show the flourishing condition of the Society. It is a matter for congratulation on the health of the members and the able management of the officers. The officials are in the limelight on that account and what they do or say are rapidly "telegraphed" all over the country and more often than not the gossips are false and amount to malicious mischief and defamation of character. It is stated that freedom of speech is one of our liberties granted under the Constitution of the United States. True, but there is a difference between criticism of official acts and uttering character-damaging statements and spreading them around. If one hears of derogatory news he should write to the President, the Secretary, or to all of the Grand officers and demand the facts which will be forthcoming. It is his duty to combat the gossip, if untrue, or otherwise he can easily invoke the laws which are plain. But few take the trouble to do it. Instead they listen with a wise air, cogitate, add two and two, doubt it, but nevertheless pass it on for what it is worth and there is a council of lamentation as to what the state of things are coming to. As before stated, if one wants to believe hard he will believe—that the officers are no good. It is human nature to do it and it will be human nature if the officers strike back with a suit for damages.

In the language of slang, produce the proofs or shut up. We complain about the weather and do nothing about it, because it is beyond us, but to moan, lament, deplore, and surround ourselves with an aura of indigo blue, it is too much.

Some day when one of you step into an executive office of the Society you will better appreciate the situation and after a time of grind relapse into a philosophical mood, your state of mind will be like that of the poet Grey's when he penned:

*"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power  
And all that beauty, all that wealth ever gave  
Await alike the inevitable hour;  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."*

#### Seeking the Blue Bird

On all sides we come across comments as to the visible changes in the morals of the people, the way the ladies dress, marry on and speak, the ponderous lists of divorces, the cynicism of children, the shattering of old-time faiths, the falling down of working standards and independence of labor, the free-spending of money, the speedy pace everybody indulges in—which will inevitably lead further and further away from contentment and happiness. A friend tells me he thinks he has the solution of all the trouble and it lies in having children to be responsible for and he has decided that he will have them.

What is wrong with the idea?

Have you noted that parents of large families stick together and the mother especially is a cheerful soul as compared with the average high-strung "independent" modern mother who has no time for babies? And papa somehow has the money with which to feed the darlins while the new-fangled pater with none to worry him is invariably broke and unable to keep up with his mate's spending spree?

What is life? How can we attain happiness? Is there a place called Heaven where the angels dwell or do the bad go to the nether world to suffer eternal damnation? Can human nature be changed? Why does a prizefighter get \$250,000 for about an hour's "work" and the inventor or discoverer of a specific to conquer human maladies a medal and diplomas? Why do ladies wear fur in summer and go about in winter in décolleté? Why do men have to keep their coats on in sweltering weather? Why are there tall people and short? How does one live to be a hundred? Is personality acquired or is it a natural gift? Why am I homely and you handsome? How did you get that way? How did they put it across?

And ad infinitum and so on till the end of time we can ask questions that are open to debate and that will get us nowhere.

#### We are Hot Stuff

We people are still good for a front-page place in the newspapers. A while back, they had a piece of news about a "deaf and dumb worker killed." And further down "a negro shot." Certainly we know that the copy editor had it in mind that a worker being killed was a sad affair but when it happened to be a deaf man it was sob-stuff and the hearts of the lady readers would melt and patronize the paper for mentioning it. Why a negro had to be featured so prominently I do not know, unless the editor thought that we would be happy with one less black man and the Southern Democrats would speak its praise.

One thing we can be sure of and it is that the contractor who employed the deaf-mute had to stand a lot of criticism for allowing him to work where he was liable to be killed—and he will not have us under him in any capacity.

#### One on Us

A deaf man was informed that a neighbor of his was ill, so he resolved upon going to see him. "But," said he to himself, "owing to my deafness I shall not be able to catch the words of

the sick man, whose voice must be very feeble at this time. However, go I must. When I see his lips moving I shall be able to make a reasonably good conjecture of what he is saying. When I ask him, "How are you, oh my afflicted friend?" he will probably reply, "I am well," or "I am better." I shall say, "Thanks be to God! Tell me what you have taken for food." He will probably mention some liquid food or gruel. I shall then wish that the food may agree with him, and shall ask him the name of the physician under whose treatment he is. On his naming the man, I shall say, "He is a skilful leech. Since it is he who is attending upon you, you will soon be well. I have had experience of him. Wherever he goes, his patients very soon recover."

So the deaf man, having prepared himself for the visit, went to the invalid's bedside, and sat down near the pillow. Then, rubbing his hands together with assumed cheerfulness, he inquired, "How are you?" "I am dying," replied the patient. "Thanks be to God!" rejoined the deaf man.

The sick man was troubled in his heart, and said to himself, "What kind of thanksgiving is this? Surely he must be an enemy of mine"—little thinking that his visitor's remark was the result of wrong conjecture.

"What have you been eating?" was the next question; to which the reply was, "Poison!" "May it agree with you," was the wish expressed by the deaf man, which only increased the other's vexation.

"And pray, who is your physician?" again asked the visitor. "Azrael, the Angel of Death. And now, begone with you" growled the invalid. "Oh, is he?" pursued the deaf man. "Then you ought to rejoice, for he is a man of auspicious footsteps. I saw him only just now, and asked him to devote to you his best possible attention."

With these words he bade the sick man good-by, and withdrew, rejoicing that he had done a neighborly duty. Meanwhile, the other man was angrily muttering to himself, "This fellow is an implacable foe of mine. I did not know his heart was full of malignity."

(The story appeared in a Persian book of tales. It is not very like us oralists in our attempts to carry on conversations in difficult situations and do we not often blunder like the Persian?)

#### Dallying With a Snow Bird

There are certainly many avenues open to the present day deaf that were closed to those of a by-gone generation, among which were life insurance at standard rates and admittance to fraternal and lodges managed by the hearing.

On the rosters of prominent and national orders can be found the names of deaf-mutes we know and some have even acted in official capacities in their locals. But there are still some stone walls which seem to be permanently impregnable to our assaults—and Free and accepted Masonry is one of them.

But we are living in a rapidly changing age and have witnessed apparently impossible events taking place and we may live to see deaf millionaires, deaf Masons, deaf priests and rabbis, deaf burglars, deaf bootleggers, deaf girl Signophone operators, deaf radio "signers"—and everything else.

With deaf-mutes capitalists there will be no discrimination against the deaf. Won't it be great!

Then as sure as the sun sets, there will be some dissatisfied deaf people and they will make themselves union organizers to fight the grasping deaf bosses—first page news and a sensation.

Humanity is the same all over where money is the stake. Our loss of hearing will not make us more altruistic to our other deaf associates when we become rich or famous.

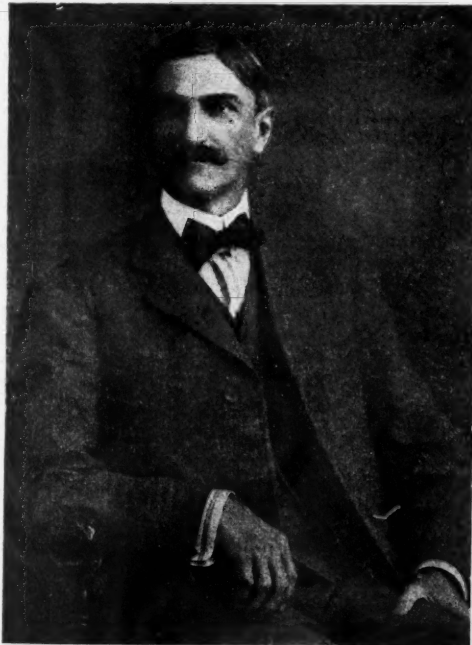
On the contrary, you know how it will be!

# ANGELEN OGRAMS

By AUGUSTA K. BARRETT



SOME would-be-tourists who have never visited California on looking at "Los Angeles" on a map, imagine it to be close to the shore of the Pacific Ocean. Such, however, is not the case, the nearest of the beach towns is Venice, which is a Coney Island type of resort, some 14 miles from Los Angeles. Other well known beach resorts in this vicinity are Long Beach, Santa Monica, Ocean Park and Redondo. The suburban and beach towns contain few deaf people, as they as a rule prefer to live in the city, where they have easy access to their friends and to the clubs and other social and athletic events. The smaller communities are easily reached by auto

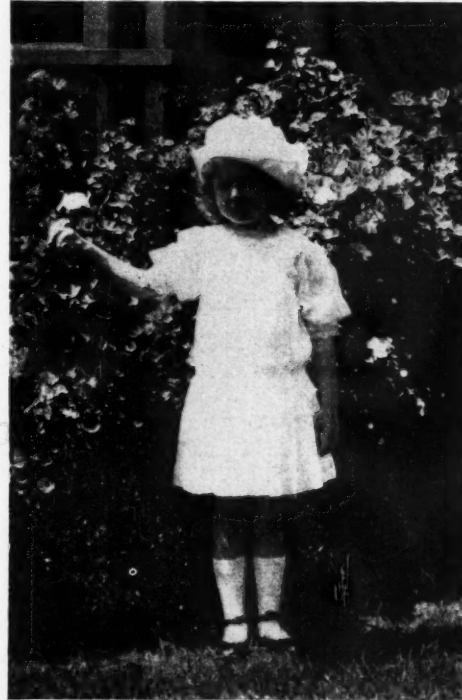


LEONARD W. HODGMAN

and trolley and generally the out of town deaf belong to one or more of the Los Angeles clubs.

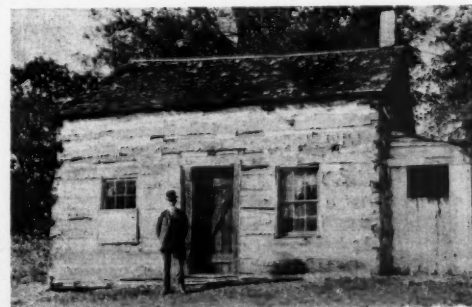
Two of those who have chosen to live in one of the smaller towns, Leonard W. Hodgman and wife, are the subjects of this month's sketch. Altho not a native, Mr. Hodgman saw Los Angeles before the great boom and development struck it and can recall the sleepy city of that time, so different from the modern pedestrian and traffic congested street. His first visit to California was with his mother during the winter of 1887, when they visited Santa Barbara where his friend Mr. William E. Dean, also a former Minnesotan, was then living with his family. At that time they also visited Los Angeles, and later they came a number of times to spend their winters there. Before finally leaving Minnesota Mr. Hodgman had held various national and local offices among the deaf and was regarded as one of the prominent men of the state.

Leonard W. Hodgman was born and reared in Red Wing, Minnesota. After attending the School for the Deaf at Faribault, Minn., a number of years, he had a tutor at home for



HELEN HODGMAN AS A LITTLE GIRL

four years and was taught to speak by the Visible Speech method. He then entered the Faribault School again and was in the High Class two years preparing to enter Gallaudet College, Washington, D. C., but on account of the state of his health he gave up this plan. He took a one year course of study at Beeman's Actual Business College, at Red Wing and graduated. Soon after those he accepted the position of assistant book-keeper at the Charles Betcher Lumber Co., one of the largest concerns in the Northwest, and was with them three years. Mr. Hodgman had for some time been regarded as one of Minnesota's most eligible young bachelors when he forsook his bachelorhood in 1908, by marrying Miss Ellen M. Graves, of St. Paul. Mrs. Hodgman was born in Summerside, Prince Edward's Island, Canada. When she



William E. Dean, of Los Angeles, and the Minnesota log cabin where he was born. His childhood days were spent there, his father being Indian agent for the Chippewa Indians.



was a little girl, her parents with their children moved to Emerson, Minnesota, and later to St. Paul. She was educated at the Fairbault, (Minnesota) School for the Deaf. She served on various committees in the St. Paul deaf community, for a number of years, and was Chairman of the Deaf Auxiliary of the Red Cross, during the World War, under Mrs. Louis Hill, in the Great Northern Building, in St. Paul. She had developed much executive ability while in charge of that Auxiliary, and this experience proved useful to her last November when she was Chairman of the very successful bazaar held by the Los Angeles Athletic Club of the Deaf. Mr. and Mrs. Hodgman have a charming daughter, Helen Jeanette, now fifteen years of age, who is a student in the Junior Class at the Venice Union Polytechnic High School.

Owing to the extremely cold and disagreeable winters of Minnesota the Hodgmans decided to move to California, especially the lovely climate, so they made up their minds to stay for good. The following year they bought an acre chicken ranch in Mar Vista, between Culver City and Venice. In August, 1924, Mr. Hodgman secured a position as an agent with the Ratterree Land Co., which had opened a tract of land near Culver City. He devoted part of his time to obtain prospects among the deaf community to buy lots, either for an investment or to build homes or business buildings thereon which will later yield a good profit. Recently he was transferred to the Business District Development Co., subdividers of five fine tracts, as a special agent for the deaf community. Mr. and Mrs. Hodg-

man own a car, and so can easily come to Los Angeles when they want to for business or pleasure. Mr. Hodgman is a member of the Athletic Club of the Deaf, and Mrs. Hodgman is a member and Director in the recently organized Ladies' Auxiliary of the same club.

✻ ✻

An event of unusual interest to the Catholic deaf of Los Angeles was the Mission conducted for them Jan. 26th to Feb. 1st, by Rev. Eugene Gehl, who is connected with St. John's Institute for the Deaf, at St. Francis, Wisconsin. Every evening that week (except Saturday) he held services in the sign language at St. Joseph's Hall, 1224 Los Angeles Street, the first time such services have been held here for the Catholic deaf. During the week he made a survey of the number and needs of the Catholic deaf, and recommended to the Bishop that a permanent Mission be established here. In the announcement of his services in the newspapers Rev. Gehl had said that all the deaf were cordially invited and some of the deaf from the Episcopal and Congregational Missions were quite regular in attendance at them. Topics preached upon were "Man's Destiny," "Marriage," "The Third Commandment," and regular missionary topics. Rev. Gehl has a cordial, benevolent personality, and a marked sense of the humorous, and now and then used some humorous incident as an illustration of some

point in his discourses, which are good practical talks on carrying religion into every day life. Quite a number of the members of St. Joseph's Church were present each night (Rev. Gehl speaks orally while signing) and a friend informed us that



REV. EUGENE GEHL  
St. John's Institute, St. Francis, Wis.



The Deaf who attended Rev. Eugene Gehl's Service at St. Joseph's Church, Los Angeles, Sunday morning, February 1st. A few friendly non-catholics are in the picture.



he is an eloquent speaker and elicits the interest of the people in behalf of the deaf. Some of his signs were new to the writer, but a Catholic friend Mrs. Julius Bente, explained them to me. The Bentes were particularly happy at meeting Rev. Gehl,



Left to right—Miss Edna Vandegrift, Wm. Hodgman, and L. W. Hodgman, Summer of 1924.

as they had known him in Wisconsin and he officiated at their wedding. On one occasion I asked him how he learned signs, and he said from Dr. J. Schuyler Long's "Manual on Signs," and an illustrated textbook of signs by Mr. Huggins, C.S.S.R. On learning that I formerly lived at Council Bluffs, Iowa, and knew Dr. Long, the good priest told this story on himself. He had faithfully studied Dr. Long's manual, and a few years ago while preaching in Omaha he met Dr. Long for the first time. All through his services he was conscious of the presence of the author (and perhaps critic) so he was very slow and careful in his sign making. At the close, Dr. Long congratulated him on his signs, but said he signed very slowly. Rev. Gehl thanked him, but didn't tell him the reason, the fear of making some blunder while watched by a critic.

Sunday morning, February 1st, the 9 o'clock Mass and Communion services at St. Joseph's Church were conducted by Rev. Gehl. Seats for the deaf had been reserved at the front of the church, and when Rev. Gehl addressed them, he was in full view of the congregation. It is a part of his mission to try and bring about a better understanding between the hearing and the deaf, and it was a noble vindication of the sign language to use it thus publicly. At the conclusion of this part of the service, the deaf and their missionary adjourned to St. Joseph's Hall. Rev. Gehl announced that the Bishop had decided to establish a permanent Mission for the Catholic deaf and had already appointed Father Callahan to have charge of it. In a few minutes Father Callahan, a pleasant looking young man came in and was introduced all around. He did not know any signs, but the last we heard of him he is earnestly trying to learn and has already made good progress.

Some good ladies of the church had prepared breakfast and all present were now invited to partake of it in the dining room. This meal proved to be a pleasant, informal affair, but they could not linger there long as they were wanted in the yard to be photographed for the *Illustrated Daily News*, and the picture was published the next day. Returning to the Hall, the Ephphatha Sodality was organized with the following officers: President, Mr. David Brown; Vice-President, Miss Elizabeth Kenealy; Secretary-Treasurer, Miss Madeline Spranger. After giving them some parting advice and expressing his hopes for the success and growth of the new Mission, Rev. Gehl said he would often think of

his new friends and hoped some day to again visit Los Angeles, so the deaf reluctantly said "Goodbye" to him, as he was leaving the next day for Wisconsin.

A few more words regarding Rev. Eugene J. Gehl will be appropriate. He has been connected with St. John's Institute for the Deaf, St. Francis, Wisconsin, since his ordination to the priesthood in 1909. He received his early education in the parochial and public schools; his college and seminary course was taken at St. Francis Seminary, St. Joseph, Wisconsin, where he received his B.A. and M.A. degrees. Most Rev. Archbishop S. G. Messmer, of Milwaukee, appointed him as Missionary to the Deaf upon his ordination. Thus his life was dedicated to the Deaf, and the past sixteen years he has traveled about the country lecturing and preaching in signs to them, and by his eloquence interesting hearing people in behalf of the Deaf.

#### LITTLE GRAMS

The Gallaudet class of 1895 started with 21 members, four of whom are now in Los Angeles, quite a large proportion of the class. After leaving college their paths in life were widely divergent, but like Omar Khayyam and the two friends and fellow scholars of his youth, after many years they came together again. They are Ernest Bingham, Clarence A. Murdey, Theodore Mueller, and the writer of Angelenograms. It is not often that all four are present at some gathering but they were at a recent mass meeting and Murdey styled them "The Four Horsemen of the Class of '95." (He had been reading a lot about the Four Horsemen of Notre Dame, after Notre Dame's football victory on the Pasadena gridiron.) Omar



Miss Helen Hodgman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Hodgman, of Mar Vista, California.

Khayyam and his two friends had been pupils of "The Greatest of the Wise Men, the Imam Mowaffak," and to complete my analogy, who shall I select from the Gallaudet teachers as

the Wise Teacher of these four? Why, Dr. Hotchkiss, of course, as he comes nearest to my fancied picture of the Imam Mowaffak! For Naishapur, where the three friends met again, you must read Los Angeles!

Messrs. Bingham and Murdey had five years at Galaudet. Theodore Mueller, a "Jack of all trades," is well known by his news letters to the *Deaf-Mutes' Journal*. Clarence Murdey, after years of farming in Illinois and Iowa, is now a gentleman of leisure. Earnest Bingham is a quiet, scholarly gentleman who once remarked to the writer that "the Ex-es make more noise in the world than the graduates."

John L. Clarke, the deaf Indian wood sculptor and painter, is now at Culver City, near Los Angeles. With his hearing wife he had been several months at San Diego, and we read a write-up of him published in a San Diego paper. SILENT WORKER readers no doubt will remember the sketch of him published in the June number. He is seen now and then at the Athletic Club of the Deaf, several of whose members were his schoolmates at the Montana School for the Deaf. He won a prize at the February Masquerade of this club, wearing his Blackfoot Indian costume. He will return in the Spring to Glacier Park, Montana, where he has a shop where he sells carvings, paintings and Indian curios. John D.



JOHN L. CLARKE ON HUNTING TRIP

Rockfeller, Jr., who visited Glacier National Park last summer, became greatly interested in his work and bought four of his carvings of wild animals, which are now on exhibition at the Chicago Art Institute.

Deaf persons in California have begun a campaign to squash three legislative bills, which would seriously affect them if passed. At this writing (March 10) Mrs. Howard L. Terry, President of the California Association of the Deaf, is at Sacramento working to defeat these measures. Just prior to launching his drive, the California Association sent out a petition to members of the Legislature (signed by the deaf of Los Angeles, San Diego, San Francisco, Oakland, Berkeley, etc.) explaining in full why they opposed those bills. Mrs. Terry's picture and an article of hers appeared in the *Illustrated Daily News*. She says in part: "One of the bills provides a new system of education for deaf children, another would prohibit the deaf from driving automobiles, and another which classifies them as cripples. The Educational bill is opposed because it restricts the deaf child to one method of learning. The Association opposes the use of one method as inefficient. What is known as the Combined System, comprising signs, lip-reading and finger spelling, is best suited to fill individual needs of each deaf child."

The bill to deprive deaf citizen of the right to drive an automobile also is unjust, Mrs. Terry said, as the deaf are

exceptionally good drivers, by reason of better trained use of their eyes.

Eyes, and not ears, are ruling factors in driving, and it



MRS. HOWARD L. TERRY

has been proved by the fact that very few automobile accidents have occurred due to deaf persons driving.

Letters received from Mrs. Terry state that probably none of the bills will be passed.



MISS ANNA RECHLIN  
(Bay City, Mich.)

Snap-shot taken in Sebawaing, Mich., where she is visiting. She enjoys the SILENT WORKER which she has taken for a number of years. She is a member of the N. A. D.

## PUBLIC OPINION

By JAMES H. CLOUD



THE ILLINOIS HOME for the Aged and Infirm Deaf and Blind Deaf located at 4539 Grand Boulevard, Chicago, recently received a gift of a \$500 bond from Mrs. J. Hall, of Chicago, a member of the Board. This is the second gift of a like amount from the same source and bespeaks the deep and practical interest in the worthy institution on the part of the donor. The greater blessing of giving surely is hers and to her the hearts of the deaf go out in gratitude. The Home family is steadily growing,—one of the more recent admissions being Mrs. Angie Fuller Fischer, a graduate of the Illinois School, who, in her prime achieved no small distinction as a writer and poet. She now is well on in years and her vision is very defective but her mind is alert and active and nothing worth while escapes her interest or lacks her enthusiasm. Another member of the Home family is Mrs. Smith, totally blind, between whom and Mrs. Fisher a touching intimacy has developed. Each finds the other great company and carry on conversation by means of reading manual spelling a la Helen Keller. [Since the above was received Mrs. Fischer has passed away April 2nd.—Ed.]

Mr. James N. Orman, a graduate of Gallaudet College and former editor-in-chief of the *Buff and Blue*, has been added to the faculty staff of the Arkansas school. Mr. Orman will also wield a pen for the *Optic*. We welcome to our family.—*Arkansas Optic*.

Mr. Ormon is a young man of character and ability and we bespeak for him a highly successful career in his chosen vocation.

## NEW BUREAU CHIEF IN NORTH CAROLINA

For some time vague rumors have been coming this way from the Tar Heel state that Mr. James M. Robertson who has been doing much in behalf of the deaf, not only in his state but for those in the whole country, has, according to the dictates of politics, lost his position. He is succeeded by Mr. Hugh C. Miller, son of one of the Trustees of the School for the Deaf at Morganton.—*The Deaf Mississippian*.

Politics is a stern and heartless dictator and whoever enters by such a dictate the efficient official who is forced to go is a distinct loss to the work. Mr. Robertson was a tireless worker who was wrapped up in his work in which he had achieved marked success. By the time his successor gets well under way with his work politics is likely to dictate again.

A change in the political complexion of the Kansas state government at the last election has resulted in a change in the superintendency of the Kansas School for the Deaf. Supt. A.

A. Stewart, anticipating his removal as an appointee of the defeated party, handed in his resignation, to take effect March 31. Kansas is a great and enlightened state in most respects, but it is certainly backward in that it permits an educational institution to be used as the shuttlecock of political parties. We hope that the day is not far distant when every state in the Union will ban politics from its educational institutions, and tenure of office will depend upon fitness and ability, and nothing else.—*The Minnesota Companion*.

"Fitness and ability and nothing else" hits the nail squarely on the head. The Kansas School probably has had more executive heads in its day than any other school for the deaf

during a similar period. As far as our memory goes back,—and it goes back some forty years in Kansas,—there have been a dozen or more changes in the office of superintendent—all for political reasons, except in the case of Mr. E. A. Stevenson who was appointed to a vacancy created by death. His brief tenure was marked by conspicuous ability and great promise but a politician wanted the position and a politician gave it to him—history repeating itself in Kansas.



ANGIE FULLER FISCHER  
Who passed away at the Illinois Home April 2.

While Dr. C. C. Miller was delivering an address to our teachers, Monday, Feb. 2; he picked up Dr. Smith's book of English Phrases and Idioms which happened to be lying on the desk and said: "This is a very useful book; I was looking it over before I began my address. The author of that book has rendered a great service to education."

When told the author is a deaf man and the book was prepared especially for the deaf, he remarked that it is good for the hearing as well and should be in all schools.

This book is also having wonderful sale which is a great honor to Dr. Smith. Almost ever mail brings an order and sometimes several.—*The Ohio Chronicle*.

While a member of the teaching profession I urged my pupils to add a copy of Dr. Smith's book of English Phrases and Idioms to their five-foot shelf, even if it was the only book on the shelf. Sales are largely a matter of clever press agenting. Instead of one or several orders a day there should be hundreds and thousands.

There recently came to Faribault a young man who lost his hearing at the age of twenty through illness. He obtained work at the broom factory in town, and he is seeking association among the deaf people of Faribault so that he may learn the language of the fingers and arms and enjoy social intercourse with the deaf. He is a young man of pleasing appearance and manners, and we hope that his endeavor to learn our language will be crowned with success.—*The Minnesota Companion*.

Fortune certainly favored the young man when she directed



him to Faribault. We have another town in mind where no such sane encouragement would have been extended him.

\* \* \*

To combat adverse auto legislation: Don't argue heatedly in the deaf press. Join an auto club and broaden your circle of hearing friends. Remember, laws are the crystallization of public sentiment.—*Iowa Hawkeye*.

This bit of sound advice from the pen of Editor Anderson should be heeded by every deaf auto owner in the land. Membership in an auto club entails some extra expense but the advantages of such membership are many and obvious.

\* \* \*

The Iowa School for the Deaf has established a new ruling, to the effect that pupils in line for graduation must maintain a certain required standard in industrial work as well as in schoolroom work. We think this is entirely right and proper. A pupil who is smart, and who easily attains a high standard intellectually, but who is lazy or indifferent and makes no effort to do good work industrially, does not deserve a diploma of graduation.—*Minnesota Companion*.

Excellence in proportion to ability in both schoolroom and shop work should also be the criterion for obtaining a place on athletic teams competing with other schools.

\* \* \*



MR. and MRS. ROY N. LYNCH, of St. Louis, on a five weeks' vacation during which they traveled 5,000 miles.

If the extra hard and super thick headed traffic commissioners way down east who persist in refusing to grant permits to deaf autoists to drive their own cars had been rear seat passengers in the car owned by Mr. Roy N. Lynch over the 5,000 mile course which they recently took, opposition to deaf drivers otherwise qualified would vanish. Not a single mishap was experienced during the entire trip. Here is an outline of the itinerary followed:

St. Louis to Indianapolis, to Dayton, to Columbus and a visit to the school for the Deaf; to Wheeling, to Cumberland, to Gettysburg and the famous battle field; to Philadelphia, to Trenton and the office of THE SILENT WORKER and the New Jersey School; to Elizabeth for two weeks' visit with relatives, detouring for a swim in the ocean at Asbury Park and the sights of Coney Island; to Albany; to Buffalo, over into Canada visiting Hamilton, London, Windsor; to Detroit and a visit to the Ford Motor Plant; to Toledo, to South Bend, to Joliet, to Springfield and back to home, sweet home, St. Louis. Prior to starting east Mr. and Mrs. Lynch drove to Chicago and from there extended their trip to Benton where they visited the "House of David."

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#### UNPAID FOR 34 YEARS

How would you like to work 34 years for nothing? J. W. Tipton of Yates Center, Kansas, a deaf-mute, not only has done it but he admits he likes the job.

He is the government weather bureau observer in that locality and is the oldest observer in Kansas from the standpoint of continuous service.

The above, together with a picture of the gentleman, appeared in the dailies recently. Perhaps the *Kansas Star* can enlighten us about this selfsacrificing servant.—*The Deaf Mississippian*.

We have known Mr. Tipton some forty-five years. He is a graduate of the Illinois School and attended Gallaudet College for a time. He is a well to do farmer at the address given. He has always had a predilection for research work. With his farm underfoot and the sky overhead he has enjoyed unlimited opportunities to observe the weather between.

\* \* \*

Mr. W. C. Ritter, that capable superintendent of the Virginia School for the Colored Deaf and Blind at Newport News, is still on the job and has been on it since the organization of the school some eighteen years ago. We were favored with a copy of the report which shows the steady and healthy growth of the school. The enrollment last year was 113. Mr. Ritter's wife is also deaf and she is the matron of the school.—*North Dakota Banner*.

We likewise were favored with a copy of Mr. Ritter's report and take no small pleasure in his continued success in the management of the school.

By the way, how comes it that oralists do not seem to be especially interested in the colored deaf? Generally speaking, it is easier to read the lips of the average colored mammy than those of the star graduates of the Central Institute or Northampton training schools. That may, in part at least, explain why the highly trained oral specialists let the colored deaf alone, not caring to undergo the humiliation of being outclassed by the home trained mammy product.

\* \* \*

#### Midwest Chapter Offers Prize

The midwest Chapter of the Gallaudet College Alumni Association, immediately its self-imposed task of providing its beloved college with a memorial to its first patron, Abraham Lincoln, was completed, cast about for other ways in which to be of service. The chapter finally decided to offer an annual prize of ten dollars to the best public speaker, in the sign language. The faculty is to have full charge of this award, and will determine the conditions of the contest.

In arranging for this prize, the chapter found that each class in College has the opportunity to compete for one or more special prize awards except the Sophomores. As this class take a regular course in public speaking, and is drilled in the proper use of platform signs, it was thought fit to encourage the class in this work.—*The Iowa Hawkeye*.

\* \* \*

The foregoing may quite appropriately be taken in connection with the following from *The Kansas Star*:

#### The Sign Contest

The eulogy of the dog by Senator Vest will be the subject to be delivered in signs at some early date. To the one, either boy or girl, who renders the story in clear and good signs, that are most readily understood, will be given a prize cup; the next best will be awarded a similar cup but smaller. The purpose of the contest is to get the pupil to use good lucid signs in the proper form, that will eliminate getting the cart before the horse, hence keeping their mind on good English. Also to discourage the use of imaginary and fictitious signs.

Mr. Foltz, realizing how much good the last contest did, has decided to offer two loving cups. The coming contest is looked to with great interest.

That is right. Uphold the sign language in its pristine purity and fullness of expression, instead of permitting it to deteriorate through neglect or degenerate through abuse.

The general reader, who has opportunity to look over the papers published at our schools for the deaf, can hardly fail to be favorably impressed with the upward trend as regards cover designs, color schemes, typographical arrangement,



illustration, mechanical execution and whatever goes towards making each successive issue something of an improvement over the last. THE SILENT WORKER, of course, is far in the lead and in a class by itself. Among other papers emulating the demur chameleon with pleasing exterior effect may be named the *Mt. Airy World*, *North Dakota Banner*, *Florida Herald*, *Minnesota Companion*, *Colorado Index*, *Michigan Mirror* and *Wisconsin Times*.

\* \* \*

On a recent visit to the Colorado School at Colorado Springs, Superintendent McAloney took me out to the School ranch to see the herd, and a fine herd it is. Of course we say Sally and noted her remarkable record. Her record the day before I saw her was 104 pounds of milk and that was the sixty-seventh day after she was fresh.



SALLY CLOTHILDE NETHERLAND, 2nd  
Colorado School for the Deaf and Blind.

Seven day record: 37 pounds of butter; 631 pounds of milk, which is the State Record.

## LOUISVILLE

By J. H. MUELLER



MAYBE it is egotism, but if there is a single reader of the WORKER who will have to hunt up the encyclopedia and slyly locate it, we will be very much put out. (The censor of these articles just took a peck over our shoulder and suggested we be less conceited about this burg and put down its location without any dilly dallying. And like a dutiful husband—sometimes—we are obeying the mandate.) There are several Louisvilles, all being plagiarisms of the original one which happens to be



Residence of Mr. and Mrs. Alvin L. Kutzleb, 203 S. 41st Street,  
Louisville, Ky.

the one we are writing of, Louisville, Kentucky, may she forever grow and prosper.

Funny thing about Louisville. The territory which is now Kentucky never was anything like a part of this Louisiana purchase, yet the city was named after his Royal Highness, Louis XV of France. And by the last census, there is exactly one genuine French person living within the corporate limits of Louisville, a tailoress, who takes orders from a little deaf man. Which goes to show there is not much in a name. Except for the poor taste in naming itself after a foreign king, there is absolutely nothing wrong with Louisville. So good is it in fact (not in spots) that half a dozen States have Louisvilles. But the man who knows—ask dad—will not accept substitutions, he knows.

Well, now that we have this off our chest, and the kids are in bed, we will get down to business, and relate what we started out to do. Shades of the late Amos Galusha Draper! If he could but see how we beat around the bush, how he would fidget. His thumb is before us, it has assumed proportion of

a bludgeon of the Terrible Teddy variety, so we will be good. (Afterthought—Porter does not have to pay space rates, so we cannot hold him up for extra pay. The censor, drat her butting in proclivities, says that it is a wonder anyone will give a last year's rain check for this bunk. Which but proves the adage that a prophet is sans honor in his own household.)

Louisville, seat of Jefferson County, metropolis of Kentucky, used to be known as the greatest in several lines, tobacco, whisky, horses, and women. The tobacco still exists, to the disgust of our censors of moral; the whisky is under heavy guard (a rather unnecessary arrangement with Gerald Chapman safely in custody and Henry Crutcher working on cross words). The races still run, in season, the women are what they ever were and ever will be, masterpieces of creation, so the next thing for us to discourse about is the general looks of the city, the activities of the deaf, and mayhap a kindly word for those who love to knock us. We will send them marked copies of this issue, and thus increase the WORKER staff's trials and tribulations chasing after lost copies.

Believe it or not, Louisville is as metropolitan as can be. Possessed of about 300,000 souls, only a hundred of whom are deaf enough to be eligible for membership in the N. F. S. D., it



Residence of Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Mueller, 1013 E. Kentucky St.,  
Louisville, Ky.

has all the attractions of New York and Chicago, without their vices. Not that Louisville is a milk-and-water town—far from it, but it simply is a southern city. And those who know what the term *Southern* means can understand the rest. Those who need an interpreter had better move down here and learn at

first hand. Once here, they will stay. We know, we are one of those who came, saw, and stuck.

The censor says for us to get down to brass tacks. So we will, if she will but take herself away from us and quit blowing friend onion odors over our thin scalp covering. It is hard to keep going when there is such a deductive aroma hanging around us, so how can we be blamed if we ramble?

Louisville, with its less than a hundred adult deaf men and women, can say with pride that it is there with the bells on and all atingling. The first division in the south of the N. F. S. D. was established at Louisville. For a long time it was known as the scrappiest division in the whole line-up; today it is still scrappy, but in a different manner. Headquarters can testify to it that the percentage of lapsations in Louisville is very low; we have no figures, but will wager Louisville stands close to the top, if not at the top, in low percentage of lapses.

The Louisvillian, and the Kentuckian as a whole, for that matter, has been accused of being a clannish individual. Maybe so, but that is all a matter of opinion. Years of imposition have so inured the native that a stranger who does not sport gilt edged credentials need not expect the key of the city. The man knows the temper of the Kentuckian will tell you that once you get under his skin, you will find him open hearted and generous almost to a fault.

Louisville, like Gaul, is divided into three parts, or classes. Class No. 1 is presided over by that grand old man, Patrick Dolan, Past Grand Vice President of the N. F. S. D., and present president of the Kentucky Association of the Deaf. This class consists of those men who saw the conflict between the states, or the early after days of that stormy period.

Class No. 2 might be said to be presided over by William C. Fugate, Gallaudet, '06, the first Frat holder of a degree earned by the sweat of his brow raised by poring over books at midnight. This class is quite numerous, comprises all of the various newspaper correspondents, as well as most officers of the local frat division.

Class No. 3 is still a bit unsettled, being made up mostly of the younger generation, whose holy writ is the racing form. If a leader could be named in this class, it would probably be Gee Gordon Kannapell, Gallaudet '21, later of the Texas school.

So much for the three main classes. There is another, which we dare not put in anywhere, being made up of the ladies. For the sake of peace in the family we will say they are all—ladies, and let it go at that. And no harm done, either.

The censor is peeking again, and suggests we say something of the city, so that our readers will not feel they are being cheated with this article. All right, we aim to please, as the auctioneer said as he put up a certain painting which he had been trying to hide and later sneak home for his own use.

Louisville is situated on the bank of the Ohio River. Now that we have said it, we will say a little more, and own up that this is the chief reason for Louisville's claim to being a Southern city. It has paved streets like most any other city in the U. S. A. Also a police department which makes arrests every now and then. If we are not mistaken, the police court is self sustaining. This statement is more in that nature of vindication than alibi.

But most strangers who hit this city have a shock when they get their first glimpse of the traffic cops. Burly fellows, most of them, they give the impression of being nuts outside of bughouses. They have twenty foot bamboo rods with which they direct traffic. The stranger within our gates think they are fishing in the air, but that is a mistake. The fishing poles are attached to stop and go boxes adjusted at a height of about twenty feet above street level, a jerk and traffic stops or goes, according to the whims of the cop. The automatic semaphores are being tried out on the outlying streets. If they

show any signs of being able to work without the promoting of the fish poles, it is likely that they will eventually be put in use down town. No snap judgment about this, though, your Kentuckian is so conservative that he hangs onto his winter flannels till the middle of July to make sure he will not be caught in a belated frost. (By the way, did you ever see it snow frost? No? Well, Bill Fugate married Snowa Frost. And she is not frost, even though she was born a Frost.)

The child not yet gone to school learns a lot of history by merely memorizing the names of the streets. It is a poor sort of a Kentuckian who does not know Shelby, Breckinridge, Clay, Calhoun, Jackson, Preston, Brook, Floyd, Brandeis, Baxter, Barrett, Galt, Speed, and such names that are rich in historical association. The alien who settles down here soon learns the why of the Kentucky clannishness; here is a record of mighty deeds embodied in the names of men who built up the state. Monuments are few, but the names of streets arranged in this fashion serve the same purpose.

This is not meant to be a historical essay by any means. The purpose of this digression is to show how the city encourages the study of history. We are fostering a movement to



Masculine members of the Louisville Deaf-Mute Welfare Association. Standing, left to right—John Werner, J. Wm. Ferg, G. G. Kannapell, Robert Downs, H. W. Scott, W. E. Elkins, J. H. Mueller, President, Patrick, Dolan. Kneeling—W. C. Fugate, A. D. Martin, R. H. Kannapell, unofficial mascot.

name some of our new streets after deaf men and women who have done their share to make Louisville a decent place for the deaf man. Among the streets we have in mind are Marcosson Road, Dolan Court, Johnston Avenue. Hanged if we stand for any Crutcherising. That would be crippling the good work.

When Dolan Court is laid out, the first building erected there will be the home of the Louisville Deaf-Mute Welfare Association. Listen, folks, no matter how much we may have rambled, we are now talking business. This association is a club composed of men and women who have vision. The deaf of Louisville never did pretend to being in the class of ultra rich, and have been handicapped in getting together for social purposes except at rare intervals. Two years ago, several of the boys joined a hearing club known as the Men's Club of Christ Church Cathedral House (Episcopal), a non-sectarian club for the dissemination of Christmas cheer among the poor of the city, and minor social activities among the members. In a short time, so many deaf men joined the club that it was found advisable to split, the hearing members meeting on Thursday nights, the deaf on Fridays. A bowling league was formed, four teams, and a spirited race ensued. The winners were not safe until the last game on the night of the season. The interest shown caused the leaders to put their heads together and devise something that would meet the growing demands for entertainment and amusement. The Louisville Silent Athletic club was the outcrop.

But an unexpected obstacle arose. The merchants of the city, who were not at all interested in giving advertising to an organization which had nothing more altruistic than sports, so a change of name was decided upon. What could be more appropriate than Welfare Association? No sooner than this name was hit upon, than it was adopted. The membership now comprises nearly half of the total deaf population of the city; both men and women are eligible for membership.

A play is to be given April 17 and 18, two night performances, and a matinee. Merchants are contributing very liberally in advertising matter, from present indications, a goodly sum will be realized. After this, what? Plans have been laid for a campaign next year by which we hope to raise enough to start building our club house, a community house for the deaf in every sense of the word. A dream as yet, but even dreams have a way of coming true at times. Why should this not be one of those times? We promise to give a fully detailed account of our work later on, when our dreams have materialized, so that the experience which we have gained can be used by other communities.

Louisville points with pride to the fact that it has ever been prominent in Frat affairs. Pat Dolan and Bill Fugate are past Grand Vice-Presidents of the organization. The writer was recording secretary at the Cincinnati and Louisville conventions. At present he holds down the position of Third Vice-President. Hold down is the right word, as everyone familiar with his bulk will testify.

The chief occupations of the Louisville deaf are printing and tailoring. There is not a plant of any importance in the city that has not one or more deaf workmen. Compositors, linotype operators, pressmen, binders—such are the jobs men hold down. John T. Cull has frequently been termed the best binder in the state. What that man can do with a few pieces of cardboard, tape and leather is a marvel.

And they are a thrifty set of men, too. A large proportion of them own their homes. A word on this subject before we go any further. Louisville has been termed the "city of cottages." There are large houses, to be sure, but by far the greater number of houses are cottages, built on the cigar box plan or the semi-bungalow plan. Owing to the liberal system fostered by the banks whereby any man having a lot can have a home built and pay for it at less than rent would cost. With the added prospect of having a house of his own after a period

of ten years, there is no wonder that the man who has it explained to him grabs the opportunity as soon as he has the necessary lot.

Some of the owners of house here are: George W. Campbell, Charle J. Reiss, Julius H. Senn, Alvin L. Kutzleb, Albert S. Johnston, Seth A. Hord, John H. Mueller, Ida Anderson Herr. Practically everyone of these owners is so by the savings of his own efforts. Does it pay? I should ask something simpler.

In past years, it has been the custom of the Kentucky School boys to go to Cincinnati or points north after graduation from school. Graduates and former pupils of the K. S. D. are to be found in practically every large city of the country. We have always felt that this is a mistake. The D. M. W. A. proposes to foster athletic contests between the club and the school boys, encouraging them to settle down here when their school days are over. This cannot help but be of benefit to all concerned, and as far as Louisville is concerned, will be pushed to the limit. A baseball team will probably be formed among members of the D. M. W. A., and if possible, a game scheduled with the school boys. If it is possible to get two more girls, a basket ball team will be organized among them for next winter. We wanted to form a poker league also, but Friend Wife says she will be there with the stove poker. So we have dropped that plan of ours and will stick to pinochle and 500.

We do not want to give the impression that Louisville is a paradise for deaf men and women from other cities who happen to be out of work. Things, industrially speaking, are very bad here the same as in other places. Some of our people are working short hours, but few are suffering. And when the D. M. W. A. has been set to working properly, there will be no suffering at all.

Once again, we plead guilty to be dreaming. But somehow, this dream seems more of a vision that will come true in time, not a mirage that recedes with every step we take. Time alone will tell, we have laid plans which seem sure of success. If we fail the first time, we will keep at it until at last the dream is a reality, and the club house a concrete fact. If necessary, we will compromise on a substantial frame building. And as for the rest, we will copy Solomon Junior in the Frat with—

Selah.

## It's Springtime in Kentucky

I wish I was at home  
in Kentucky;  
For spring again has come  
in Kentucky;

The humming birds are humming,  
The bumble-bees are humming,  
And tumble-bugs are tumbling  
in Kentucky.  
The Elkhorn creek is clearing  
in Kentucky;  
The Frankfort men are cheering  
in Kentucky;  
All the winter they've been wishing  
For the time to come for fishing,  
And now their lines are swishing  
in Kentucky.

Now the lovers are a spooning  
in Kentucky;  
'Neath the dogwood trees a blooming  
in Kentucky;  
And I hear the farmers shoutin'  
As the mud they wade about in,

(With apologies to Jas. A. Mulligan)

By HENRY P. CRUTCHER

Our terbaccer beds are sproutin'  
in Kentucky!"  
I hear a melody ringing  
in Kentucky;  
'Tis a plowboy darky singing  
in Kentucky;  
"Mah Mandy, mah cole black joo-ool,  
Mah honey, mah—whoa dah mule,  
Stop dat kichin' yoah damnest ole fool  
in Kentucky!"

The geese are a quacking  
in Kentucky;  
The hens are a cackling  
in Kentucky;  
Busy bees are a buzzin',  
Guinea-fowls are a fussin',  
And colonels are a cussin'  
in Kentucky.

Fleecy lambs are gamb'ling in the air  
in Kentucky;  
Houn' dogs are rambling after hares  
in Kentucky;  
Violets, and daffodils,

Bleeding-hearts and jonquils,  
Bloom about the mountain stills  
in Kentucky.  
These thoughts and many others  
of Kentucky—  
My mother, sister, brothers  
in Kentucky;  
And the babies, perfect dears,  
Whom I haven't seen for years—  
Are driving me to tears  
for Kentucky.

Enfin

Oh! the moonlight shines the brightest  
And the moonshine lights you tightest  
in Kentucky;  
And the hosses are the fleetest  
And the flappers are the sweetest  
in Kentucky;  
But my tears they fall the fastest  
When I think of all the glasses  
Of the juleps I have missed;  
When I think of all the lassies  
And the lips I might have kissed  
Had I not been such an ass and  
left Kentucky!



# THE ARGONAUT

By J. W. Howson



THE governor of Minnesota remarked at the opening ceremonies of the National Fraternal Society, last summer at St. Paul, Minnesota is proud of her 10,000 lakes and justly so. Minnesota is proud of her twin cities, Minneapolis and St. Paul. Likewise it might be added that for those who know them, Minnesota is proud of her many successful deaf sons and daughters. Some of these have reached national prominence amongst the deaf and have given the state a reputation that has attracted the attention of all other sections of the country.

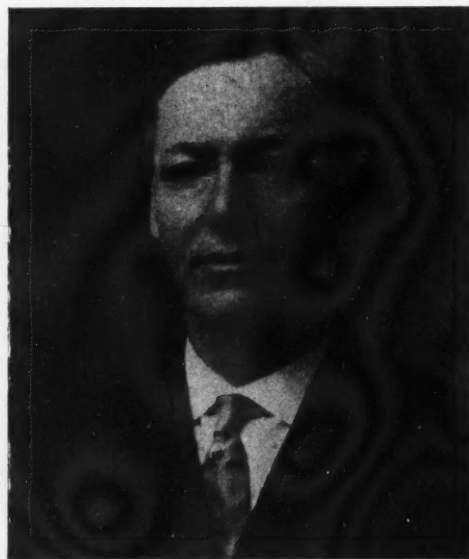
The first subject of this sketch is Ray Whitney, one of Minnesota's successful deaf men. In addition he resides in St. Paul, works in Minneapolis and has a distinct connection with Minnesota's lakes. So it may be said in his case, this chain of Minnesota's attractions is complete.

Mr. Whitney is a product of the Minnesota School for the Deaf. There he learned his present trade of cabinet-maker. The while he earned good wages, he carefully husbanded his resources, married and started raising a family. With his savings he bought his own home in St. Paul. Then with a little help from his father, he built two summer cottages at



OSCAR LAUBY

Oscar Lauby, sign painter and outdoor artist. Mr. Lauby's great sign exhibited at the Northwestern Lumbermen's convention, held recently in Minneapolis, was pronounced one of the best pieces of bulletin publicity ever exhibited in the entire northwest.



ANTON SHROEDER

Anton Schroeder, whose score of inventions have brought him merited attention in all parts of the country. His new and improved candle lighter, manufactured in a plant in which he has himself invested, is meeting with great success.

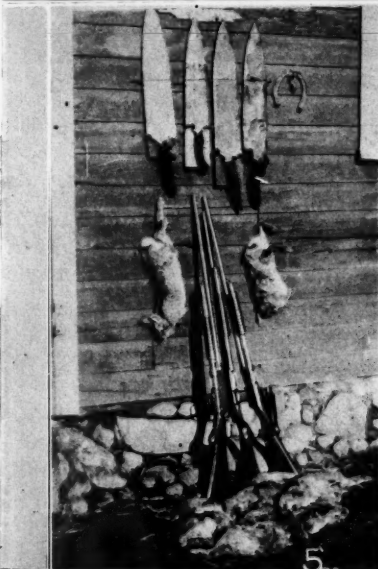
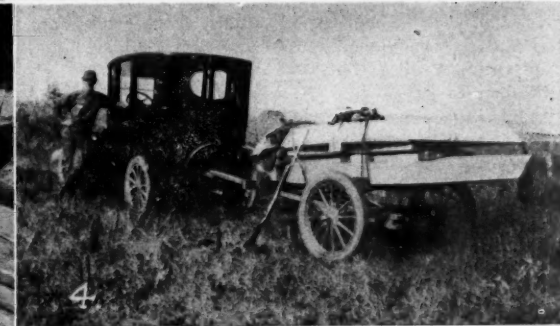
Silver Lake, about fifty-five miles northwest of Minneapolis. From his home in St. Paul, Mr. Whitney drives out every summer week end in his Ford sedan to Silver Lake.

These week end visits to Silver Lake are profitable to Mr. Whitney. He has five duck boats and two row boats and he always meets with a crowd looking for cottages and boats. So great is the demand, that he is often unable to meet it, and he contemplates building four more boats to meet the demand. In addition to supplying hunting facilities for others, Mr. Whitney is himself a good hunter, going out every fall for ducks and always bagging his quota (see next page).

❖ ❖ ❖

Another successful graduate of the Minnesota School for the Deaf is Oscar Lauby, sign painter. At school he studied drawing, after graduating at sign painting he learned more. Now he is a great outdoor artist and sign painter for big bulletin boards, receiving excellent pay. From the *Minneapolis Argus* we learn that during the Northwestern Lumbermen's convention, which was held recently in the West hotel, much curiosity, wonder and admiration was expressed at a large sign which appeared in the lobby of the hotel. This sign bore the names and addresses of 90 lumber firms which had exhibitions at the convention.

The sign was said to be one of the best pieces of bulletin publicity ever exhibited in the entire northwest. It was 48x10 feet in dimensions and besides serving the purpose of advertising the 90 different lumber firms, it was gotten up in



No. 1—Mr. Whitney is an expert fisherman. This Wall-eyed Pike weighed 11 pounds and brought a \$5.00 prize in Minneapolis.

No. 2—Mrs. Ray Whitney (right) and Miss Kathleen Leerhoff at Silver Lake.

No. 3—Ray Whitney's boats at Silver Lake are always in demand and four more are to be built.

No. 4—Duck boats owned by Mr. Whitney, of use to himself and easily rented to others.

No. 5—Trophies of the Whitney guns; mink, ermine, rabbits, and gray squirrels.

No. 6—Messrs. Whitney and Hansen have had a good day's sport and brought down a quota of mallard ducks.

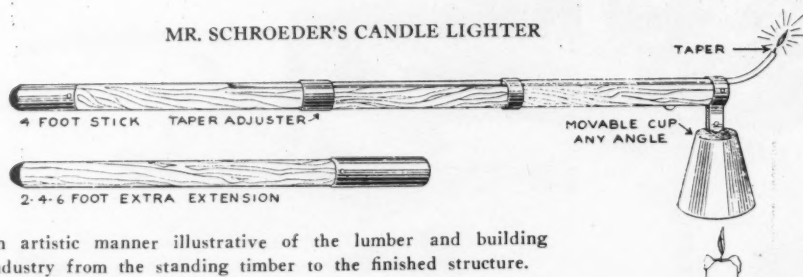
No. 7—A fine string of crappies caught by Mr. Whitney at Silver Lake. The little girl is his daughter.

No. 8—A view of Silver Lake with some of Ray Whitney's decoys scattered around to attract ducks.

No. 9—Ray Whitney's fish house for spearing fish in winter. One can have winter sports in Minnesota even as in California.

No. 10—Mr. and Mrs. Ray Whitney and their Ford sedan at Silver Lake.

## MR. SCHROEDER'S CANDLE LIGHTER



graduates are reaping comfortable livings as a result of their inventions. Perhaps the most successful of these inventors is Anton Schroeder, of St. Paul, another of Minnesota's sons.

Mr. Schroeder is not known to SILENT WORKER readers, as are many of his inventions. It is worthy of note that he has recently invented in a factory of his own and is manufacturing his patented candle lighters in large lots. Sales of his new and

an artistic manner illustrative of the lumber and building industry from the standing timber to the finished structure.

At each end of the immense sign was painted a tree in natural size. Above the sign proper the branches of each tree continued to rise, being cut out of wood and painted in realistic manner. The bark of each tree was made of a plaster of paris composition in raised work and colored the same as the bark of a tree, showing knot holes and other realistic features.

Extending across both top and bottom of the sign were what appeared to be long poles with the natural bark, knot holes, etc., made in raised work the same as the trees. This left the entire center of the space on the sign for the advertisers' names. This space was divided into 90 smaller spaces, in which the names of the lumber dealers were artistically painted. The divisions between the separate advertisements were made of painted twigs and branches.

Below the bottom pole which extended from tree to tree was a space about three feet wide and the entire length of the sign between the trees. This was taken up with an artistic painting which represented first, the natural tree, then the lumber camp, the sawmill, the lumber yard, the structure in process of erection and then, last of all, the finished building.

The artistic work on this large sign was done by Oscar Lauby, a deaf and dumb artist in the employ of the Brede Sign Manufacturing Company. Mr. Lauby is said to be one of the best artists in the country, and much of the satisfaction and popularity gained by the Brede Sign Company for its excellent work is due to Mr. Lauby's efforts with pastel and brush.

♦ ♦ ♦

Somewhat there seems to be an inseparable bond between deafness and invention. One can't invent without intensive thought, and such thought means concentration. Such is



ANTON SCHROEDER'S RESIDENCE

the comment of Thomas Alva Edison, the greatest inventor of all times, himself so deaf that ordinary conversation is almost out of the question. This fact has also been recognized by patent attorneys who have run advertisements in papers published exclusively in the interests of the deaf. Graduates of schools for the deaf have produced many practical inventions, some of which are in extensive use. Some of these

improved lighter are increasing fast and it is believed that before long the lighters will be quite exclusively used in churches all over the world. Rush orders received recently by the factory have put the factory behind in its output. The candle lighter is apt to outstrip Mr. Schroeder's inventions in



Ray Whitney's residence at St. Paul, Minn.

the building hardware line and place him in an even more favorable light than heretofore as America's greatest deaf inventor along practical lines.

♦ ♦ ♦

Senate Bill 599, otherwise known as the Bred bill, has been reported out of committee favorably in the California state legislature. This is the bill which the deaf of the state



The Whitney cottages at Silver Lake. These cottages are always in great demand by visitors to the lake.

have been most concerned about, as affecting their rights as drivers of automobiles. It has the backing of nearly all the automotive organizations of California, and should it pass, as now seems likely, it will be more fully discussed in the columns of the WORKER. Suffice to say that while the law does not molest present license holders, it will be necessary for all deaf drivers to carefully watch their steps. New applicants who are deaf will be required to so state, and if it is deemed advisable they may examine as to their qualifications. Letters received on every hand by the deaf interested, from the motor vehicle department of the state from the A. A. A., and various officials and clubs bring assurances that they have the greatest confidence in the deaf as drivers, and that the law is in no wise aimed at the deaf, but that it is a matter of general precaution. There



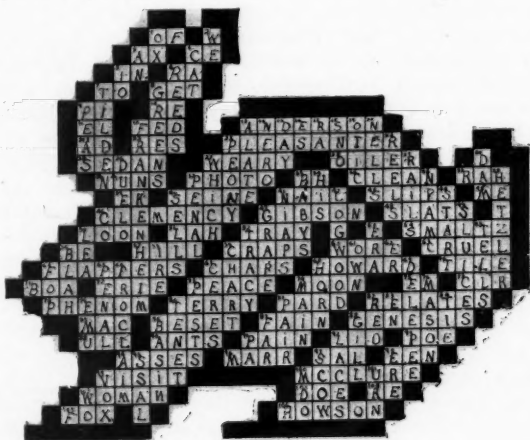
# With The Cross-Word Puzzle Fans

By HENRY P. CRUTCHER

It seems many of the fans have passed the stage where they are satisfied with merely solving the cross-words and are now devoting their energies to constructing them, judging from the number turned in of late. Just to encourage them we are giving them most of our space this month, and only regret that we have not room enough for all. We think these three we have selected for the readers to test their wits on will prove quite interesting. Mr. Jerrell's design is about the cleverest we have seen anywhere, and his definitions with their subtle hints are very amusing indeed.

The geometrical design by the Misses Brady will prove a regular "nut-cracker," we're sure. These little ladies, by the way, are only 8 and 11 years of age, respectively, and seem to have inherited their share of that gray matter that appears to come so naturally in that family. It will be noticed that they did not hesitate to use several words in place of the conventional one if it seemed to serve the purpose more conveniently. For instance, Vert. 5: "What Pach makes people do," is, "Sit up;" while Hor. 17 is, "Put wax on." With these two clues to guide you we think you can go on with the rest.

Gordon Allen tells you all about his puzzle himself so any comments from us regarding it are unnecessary.



## APRIL SOLUTION AND HONOR ROLL

- 1 Mrs. J. F. Brady, Audubon, N. J.
- 2 Mrs. H. D. Hetzler, Indianapolis, Ind.
- 2 Mrs. G. C. Farquhar, Fulton, Kansas.
- 4 Mrs. F. B. Pleasant, Delavan, Wis.
- 5 Miss Rosalie Hendrickson, Portland, Ore.
- 6 Ben Baca, Philadelphia, Pa.
- 7 T. J. Bachberle, Cincinnati, Ohio.
- 8 Henry Dramis, Brooklyn, N. Y.
- 9 Claude Samuelson, Rochester, N. Y.
- 10 Oscar Freeman, LaGrange, Ga.

Just take a look at that Honor Roll list, would you! Just exactly half of them are of the harsher sex. As long as we offered tubs, soap photos, etc., the men, for the most part, held disdainfully aloof. But when we offered jewels—well, just take a look at that Honor Roll!

Note—Our time being pretty well taken up with other more pressing business affairs we find we can no longer give the attention necessary to the editing of this department. Therefore, Gordon Allen, formerly of Oklahoma, more recently of Gallaudet, but now a post-graduate at the New Jersey School for the Deaf, has kindly consented to take charge of this department hereafter.

Mr. Allen has a host of friends among the deaf whom, we are sure, will join in with us and the C. W. P. F.'s in wishing him the best of luck on his adventures into the land of Tesselated Terminology.

The "Honor Roll," etc., will be continued as usual. Those first sending their solutions to Mr. Allen's puzzle this month get on it in June. The trip to Mars will go just as scheduled, except that Mr. Allen will pilot the rocket and not the writer. We wish to state here what we forgot to mention before, that all who make this trip are guaranteed that it will permanently restore their hearing—and, if mute, their speech.

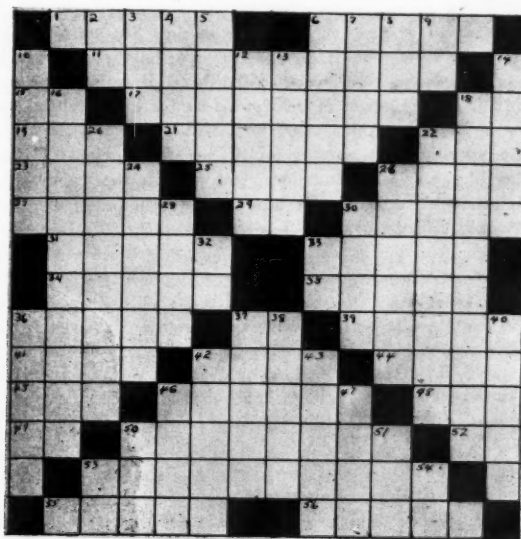
In conclusion, we wish to thank the C. W. P. F.'s for the interest they showed in this department, which we are reluctantly giving up, and hope that later on we shall be in a position to have the pleasure of further entertaining them.

Wishing all a merry Christmas and a happy New Year, we are,

Humbly yours,

CRUTCH.

By ELEANOR and GERTRUDE BRADY



## HORIZONTAL

- 1 What Crutcher thinks he gets off.
- 6 What ducky does.
- 11 No deadheads, please.
- 14 Papa's middle initial
- 15 Sunday morning. (abbr.)
- 17 Before polishing floor (3 words)
- 18 Delighted Ex-President (abbr.)
- 19 Result of addition.
- 21 Ate last night
- 22 Period of time
- 23 Poor neighborhood in a city.....
- 25 Explosive beverages
- 26 German wife
- 27 Tall drinking vessel
- 29 A large city. (abbr.)
- 30 Magazine for Deaf (abbr.)
- 31 Sicker.
- 33 Most important
- 34 To beg
- 35 Of most importance.
- 36 Awake; watchful
- 37 Good Samaritan.....
- 39 Fraud
- 41 Pine trees
- 42 A domestic animal
- 44 Dead movie man
- 45 Testimony (abbr.)
- 46 To display boastfully
- 48 Sun-burn maker. (nickname).
- 49 Man's name. (shortened).
- 50 A lame editor; requirer of walling support.
- 52 More than one (abbr.)
- 56 A girl's name
- 55 Upright sticks on a ship
- 56 Aa girl's name

## VERTICAL

- 2 Order of America (abbr.)
- 3 Kentucky Department Police (abbr.)
- 4 Australian birds
- 5 What Pach makes people do (2 words).
- 6 Twin of sevens.
- 7 What we knock when lucky .....
- 8 A road-house
- 9 Much so (abbr.)
- 10 Snake's talk when mad
- 12 S-w-p-o-n.
- 13 Containing sap
- 14 Trickery
- 16 In arithmetic: two what by two equals four?
- 18 Officer who keeps traffic moving
- 20 Writer from Kentucky (possessive)
- 22 Another way of saying ermines
- 24 Those who run 5,280 ft. in a race.
- 26 F. W. I. L. R. I.
- 28 Tidy
- 30 Not open
- 32 A public highway. (abbr.)
- 33 Come back (abbr.)
- 36 Not before
- 37 Plural of Horizontal 42.
- 38 Very important
- 40 First name of an artist-traveller
- 42 Gorges to completion
- 43 T. N. H. E. E. as is
- 46 What papa is: he has a button to [prove it.
- 47 Say.
- 50 Charlie can sing (abbr.)
- 51 Author of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde (abbr.)
- 53 Athletic Association (abbr.)
- 54 Silas (abbr.)

(continued on page 383)

# WITH THE SILENT WORKERS

By Alexander L. Pach

**T**HE WASHINGTON LOCAL COMMITTEE for the 1926 National Association of the Deaf Convention start out with a preliminary that makes them look like big winners at the outset. They lay stress on the fact that they are not going to raise a big convention fund, and they are on the right track. Recent conventions that have raised big convention funds to spend for entertainment of delegates found a big overhead expense in getting the money together, with the result that there was mighty little entertaining for the benefit of delegates after paying big salaries, commissions, etc., to raise the money, and then, because not being sure how they are going to end up, rather than run the chances of a shortage they figure too conservatively with the result that several hundred dollars is left over and not used for the purpose it was raised for, which is unjust to delegates. Often delegates pay the usual price for a banquet seat, while what should have been saved by the large number assembled is used to give a free banquet to the local committees, their friends, and favored guests, so that when the convention is over the delegate finds that he has paid for everything that he got, with few exceptions, and the big winners are the locals who cared for the preliminaries, and gave a lift during the convention. I have attended conventions where there was practically nothing raised in the way of a convention fund, yet everything went off big. But Washingtonians are starting right, and avoiding the most vulnerable weakness in recent convention experiences.

Delegates get railway fare concessions, and reduced hotel rates, and do not mind going in their pocket for banquet tickets, particularly if the cost is not unduly inflated by having to pay for the local "free list."

If the Committee arrange an excursion to Mr. Vernon making the delegates their guests they will have done all that is needed in the way of entertainment, and after that just see that the wheels run smooth when the guests are present to enjoy the convention.

Nothing said here is in disparagement of any past convention, for as a general thing a convention is held but once in a life time in any given city, the only exception being in that Atlanta had the two big meetings two years apart, and the experience of the first meeting enabled the second to be carried to a successful conclusion by practically the same people as constituted the entertainment committee as served the first meeting.

Saturday afternoon is a dull time in the financial district of New York where the writer toils for his daily bread, and because of the half holiday, deaf friends drop in at the rate of four deaf to one hearing person. On a recent Saturday afternoon a deaf visitor (it happened to be the Rev. John H. Kent, and the use of the word "visitor" is a misnomer in connection with that gentlemen, as it is more proper to speak of him as

an entertainer) and a third person entered, and after giving the wall exhibits the once over, begun asking me questions by writing them, so I supposed he had been informed of my deafness, but after awhile something told me that my visitor was deaf. I asked him if he used the alphabet and signs, and he informed me he did, but had not met deaf people for many years, though he lives only an hour's ride from New York. Then he asked me if I was at Fanwood School in the early eighties, and then I found that we were schoolmates. I found him a well educated man, a successful worker in his vocation—upholsterer and cabinetmaker. I got him interested in this publication and the *Journal* and I think we can rate him as a comeback. As it is in the world of the hearing, so it is in our little world, there is always a negligible per cent that drop out of sight and have their horizon bounded by the equivalent of their own door step. In rare cases we find graduates of our local schools who purposely drop out of sight, and no gathering of the deaf ever knows them again, and they sever all relation, with their own world, except, possibly, retaining the friendship of one or two or three of their old cronies.

Speaking, as we were, only as recently as the last issue, of reporting news items, here is a brand new idea in announcing the joy that comes to parents:

*A new broadcasting station*

*J. B. C.*

*was installed on Wednesday morning  
February eighteenth, nineteen hundred twenty-five  
at the home of*

*Mr. and Mrs. John Keble Cloud  
103 Thomas Avenue  
Cranford, N. J.*

*Daily and nightly programs  
of Chinese operas will be rendered by the  
young soprano*

*Jean Burness Cloud  
(Weight 8 lbs.)*

*Tune in at any time. Continuous and  
entertaining music assured*

The young lady is the fourth grand child of Dr. and Mrs. James H. Cloud, of St. Louis. These glad some events have been announced in hundreds of different ways, but the above is high water mark for a genuine novelty.

New York will soon be without a much discussed and often highly rated organization that existed to promote the welfare of certain of our deaf people, confined to those belonging to one religious sect. Originally started by the deaf themselves, it was taken over by an organization of wealthy men, who

gave it a home and aided in several endeavors to be mentors of the deaf. A hearing man was installed at the head, and given carte blanche in the matter of carrying on the work and branching out to several lines of endeavor, most of them excellent in purpose. The main board consisted of hearing men, entirely, not one of them really well informed as to the state of living in a world of silence as deaf people must live their lives, and though some of them were large employers of labor, their efforts were not spent in the direction of giving the deaf a chance in their own workshops. A lesser directing board had several deaf representatives, but they never got very far when it came to an actual "say" as to policy, ways, means, etc. Finally, a great charity was appealed to and successfully, though many of us could not understand why the member of the body that benefited, had to have his religious needs cared for at the expense of taking money from the sick in hospitals, the orphaned, the mentally defective or the aged and infirm, all of whom were entitled to enjoy the benefits of funds raised that they might enjoy life to the fullest. In the organization of the deaf that was taking from the great charity, were many big wage earners, who would far rather contribute to pay for such privileges, comforts and ministrations they were enjoying, and chip in and help pay the share of those not so well to do, but there was no other course but to take the charity money and swallow their discomfiture. Eventually rules were promulgated that galled, and appeals for a better ordered state of affairs from the hearing gentlemen in the closed circle of wealth...

brought only ignominious dismissal to some of the leaders, so, having endured to the limit, they brought about an organization of their own, paid for by themselves, acting as their own Board, and only having the counsel of a hearing clergyman who looks on them as his parishioners, not wards of a charity governed by hearing people, who, in the main, no doubt mean well, but have wrong conceptions of the capabilities of the deaf. So, with more than 500 united for real betterment, and already mapping out to provide for such helps as the organization they seceded from arranged for the few uneducated foreigners, and night school for those who left school before their time and so on. And now certain hearing gentlemen have learned that because some of their fellow citizens happen to be without ability to hear or to speak, are not, because of that handicap, fit subjects for charity doles, and a lot of time and money and effort could have been saved if these philanthropists had listened to the pleadings of the several very efficient deaf men they honored with positions on a minor board, where they had neither power nor influence and had used a little effort going among the deaf and finding out the sentiment of the people they had made their beneficiaries. It is a sad commentary on phases of human nature that developed in this welfare business and saw wealthy men give thousands of dollars as charity, yet not open the doors of their factories and let capable and honest deaf people work and earn their living. If people posing as benefactors will not give deaf workers a chance to work, how in the world can we expect employers who know nothing of the deaf, and simply regard them as incapables, be expected to do so?

Not till he reads it here will Perry E. Seely, of Nebraska, know that when he was recently visiting in Honolulu, that if he had gone to the office of the city's leading newspaper he would have found a one-time New Yorker, in Charles J. Le Clercq, who is also a brother Frat. A letter recently received from Mr. Seely, telling of his stay in Honolulu, makes no mention of having met Mr. and Mrs. LeClerc, which is most regrettable all around.

In the *Volta Review*, the Port-o-phone Company advertise stating that their device has aided thousands, who are deaf, which of course is untrue. The Harper Oriphone also ad-

vertises that the deaf hear with their instrument, but modify it with the declaration that it is "The most perfect aid to defective hearing," which is possibly true. A third advertiser is the Phonophor Company with modest claims confined to statements that their device aids defective hearing. Three other advertisers, Dictograph Products, Vactuphone, and Gem Ear Phone, each go to the extravagant length of claiming that their instruments make the deaf hear, so here, in one publication, are five firms advertising aids to hearing, and only one of them honest enough to set forth the fact that their product is intended for the relief of partial deafness.

## Argonaut

(Continued from page 380)

deaf, but that it is a matter of general precaution. There are many other classes of individuals who came under the specifications of this bill, which is broad in its scope.

The Deaf Citizen's Protective League of California, alive to the situation, prepared a lengthy statement in pamphlet form attesting the qualifications of the deaf as drivers and upholding their rights to the same. This pamphlet was mailed to most of the deaf of the state requesting they have influential friends lay the case before the members of the legislature from their districts. Pamphlets were also sent to each member of the legislature, to the governor, to state officials who might be concerned, to the chiefs of police of all large cities, to the press, and to various prominent individuals and clubs. All this resulted in many replies favorable to the deaf, and to some helpful interviews.

## With the Cross-Word Puzzle Fans

(Continued from page 381)

### SAYS THE SILENT WORKER IS CLEVER

Dear Sir:—Enclosed is my solution to the Easter Bunny puzzle. Number 41, vertical, "niapS," was quite clever. In fact, the SILENT WORKER is one clever thing after another.

Sincerely, MRS. MINNIE K. CLARKE.

*We have some clever subscribers, too.*

### SUCH IMPUDENCE!

Dear Cross-eyed Puzzle Editor:—Enclosed is my solution to the Jack-rabbit puzzle. Hurry up and send those imitation pearls from Woolworth's Japanese counter as I want 'em to string around my Rosie's larnxgitis. Never mind losing time registering them as I know they're not worth it, but as long as Rosie don't—Ish ka bibble!

Disrespectfully yours,

BEN BACA.

*Hope your Rosie has a lot of thorns.*

### SHE'S FROM MISSOURI

Dear Puzzle Editor:—I'll bite on the pearls this month—but not if I *really* get them—so here is my solution to the bunny puzzle. Worked out the others but did not send them in for the risk of winning the prizes offered was too great. Long practice has made me fairly familiar with the Egyptian sun god, the printers measure, that famous C. W. P. bird, etc., but I was completely upset for awhile on your vertical, 41—niapS. Now I'm waiting to see if those pearls are a reality. If not, somebody had better watch out!

Ominously yours,

Mrs. G. C. F.

*We showed her they were a reality.*

### COMPLEXION LIKE A FLAPPER

Dear Cuss-Worder:—I was never so insulted in all my life as when you sent me that "prize puzzle soap." Why, I am so clean, both inside and out, as to be almost godly! Personally, I never use soap at all. I use cold cream and hot milk. Here, the secret of my flapper-like complexion is out!

Yours, H. D. H.

*What kind of a flapper, Hetz, African?*

(Continued on page 386)



# The Silent Worker

[Entered at the Post Office in Trenton as Second Class Matter]

ALVIN E. POPE ..... Editor.  
GEORGE S. PORTER ..... Associate Editor and Business Mgr.

The Silent Worker is published monthly from October to July inclusive by the New Jersey School for the Deaf under the auspices of the New Jersey State Board of Education. Except for editing and proof-reading, this magazine represents the work of the pupils of the printing department of the New Jersey School for the Deaf.

The Silent Worker is the product of authors, photographers, artists, photo-engravers, linotype operators, job compositors, pressmen and proof-readers, all of whom are deaf.

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## The Psychology of the Deaf

Professor Irving S. Fufeld, Editor of the *American Annals of the Deaf*, is, to the best of our knowledge, the only teacher of the deaf who is specializing in the study of modern psychology. At a recent teachers' meeting at the New Jersey School, he explained the fundamental principles underlying the functions of the brain and outlined generally in what ways the deaf may be expected to deviate from the normal. He stressed, however, the point that it is a great fallacy to consider all the deaf as one class. The psychologies of the congenitally deaf, of those who became deaf in early infancy, of those whose deafness occurred after they had acquired speech and language, of those who lost their hearing in later life, and of those with varying degrees of residual hearing, differ greatly, and from the viewpoint of the teacher, should be treated as different classes. In other words, there is no such class as "the deaf," but each individual should be considered according to his type of deafness.

There is a great need for psychological research in the education of the deaf. Methods of education in the public schools are made to conform to the principles of modern psychology at a much more rapid pace than educational procedures in schools for the deaf. Much time could be saved, many mistakes avoided, and better results obtained, if some agency could provide the means of having a man of Mr. Fufeld's type, a trained psychologist and a man familiar with the deaf, devote all his time to the study of the psychology of deaf children, trying to find answers to such questions as Miss Goodwin asked in her address, "The Relation of the Deaf to Modern Psychology," extracts from which are given in the April number of *The Teacher of the Deaf*, a British publication;

What is the effect on the children's minds of the repression of signs and gestures?

Why is there a period of slackness in the mental life of our children, and does this correspond with the normal?

What are the differences in age for age mentality between deaf and normal?

When do the interests of boys and girls diverge so much that it is inadvisable to teach them together?

Why are question forms such a bug-bear?

Are the instincts as strong as in the normal; if so, what influence has deafness on the formation of complexes?

Why is sequence so difficult?

## Hearing by Touch

Dr. Robert H. Gault, a recent visitor at the New Jersey School for the Deaf, explained to the faculty the investigations he is carrying on at Gallaudet College under the direction of the National Research Council. The purpose of his experiments is to discover to what extent speech can be interpreted solely by touch. His apparatus consists of an instrument of the electric amplifier type the receiver of which is placed into the subject's hand. In order to insure the elimination of all possibility of sound perception as sound, the hand is encased in a sound-proof box, and the subject's head and face are swathed in bandages. Words are spoken into the transmitter in another room.

According to Dr. Gault, a number of students at the College have acquired a considerable vocabulary that they can distinguish by touch, and are able to tell what vowel is contained in words not already in their "feeling" vocabulary. The Western Electric Co. is preparing a special apparatus for Dr. Gault with which he is going to try and locate the touch of different sounds in different parts of the palm.

At the present stage of his investigations, Dr. Gault is treating the matter from a purely scientific point of view without any consideration as to its immediate practical applications. Whether this touch system will be helpful as supplementary to lip-reading or not, is not the question just now. He first desires to know exactly to what degree a person is able to learn to distinguish sound waves accurately by touch.

## Natural History to Front

New York has remained faithful to the old adage that anything new under the sun is welcome. "The Lost World" opened at the Astor Theater last Sunday night and since that time the interest in prehistoric animals has been such the public library has done a land office business in the renting of volumes on natural history. Up to last Sunday night most of us thought the brontosaurus was a kind of drink and that the dinosaur was a food, but we all know better now, thanks to Richard Rowland and First National.—*New York News*.

After reading the above our readers will be surprised to know that the animals referred to were designed in

the Culvert City moving picture studio by Douglas Tilden, the famous deaf-mute sculptor of Oakland, California. Another film called "Black Thunder" also has animals designed by Tilden.

We had long known that Tilden was at Hollywood, working for moving pictures, but did not know just what line of art work had called him to filmland. It is now known that the First National had been working on the animal figures five months and did not seem to get the desired results until Tilden was called to take charge, when the scheme went through with eclat.

Then the Hal E. Roach Co. took Tilden to work out another scheme along the same line, for which he received probably the largest salary (for a deaf-mute) on earth.

Tilden is getting well advanced in years, but his has been a succession of golden opportunities and triumphs, therefore his recent success is no surprise.

## The Child Who Would Not Talk

The March number of the *Pedagogical Seminary and Journal of Genetic Psychology* contains an interesting article on the above topic by Margaret Morse Nice who carefully analyzes the delayed speech development of her otherwise perfectly normal child, from the beginning—at 16 months—through her 37th month. This is not a case of ordinary baby talk, stammering or other typical speech defects of little children, but an instance of retarded speech development and an invention of a peculiar primitive vocabulary and language, not intelligible to anybody but her mother, and not even to her in many cases. "Ah ner baba co wawa ker baba," e. g., stands for I want-to-see little black dog by the baby." In spite of her speech handicap the little girl had no difficulty in satisfying all her concrete wants and desires and was an especial favorite with her cousins and other small playmates who could understand very little of her conversation and could not talk her language to her.

The most striking conclusion the author draws is that, contrary to general opinion, speech is not primarily for the purposes of communication but largely a matter of self expression. A baby's babbling is self expression, his first words are largely emotional and volitional, and even the conversation of adults is not so much to inform their listeners as to satisfy themselves. To the baby self expression is enough in itself, but with most adults, some response must be evoked from other people in order that self expression should be truly satisfying.

## Another for Architect Marr

Our readers will be pleased to know that the \$150,000 Coliseum now building in Nashville, Tenn., was planned by architect Marr and his partner Mr. Holman. The signal success of Mr. Marr in landing contracts has awakened the admiration the deaf world.

## Tribute to Harry S. Smith

The following is part of a letter dated March 6, and addressed to the sister of our departed friend living in Trenton, by Frank M. Driggs, Superintendent of the Utah School for the Deaf and the Blind in Ogden. It contains additional information not contained in the report of Mr. Smith's death published in the last issue of this magazine:

"We cannot express what the loss of your brother means to this school. We have never in the history of the school had a printer so splendid, so thorough, so interested in his work and his printer boys. He held them and had a splendid influence over them in the shop.

"Services were held yesterday afternoon at the chapel for the Deaf with Mr. Driggs officiating. Several short addresses were given by friends who had known him during his five years in Ogden—Mr. A. L. Scoville of the Scoville Press, Mr. Paul Mark, a deaf shoe-maker; Mr. C. C. Wilson, the Congregational minister who greatly admired "Bob" and his artistic work. It was a very beautiful little service with all the boys and girls who had known him so well here attending. He was buried in the city cemetery, just a block from the school gate.

"We are planning to have a little memorial of "Bob," as he was known here, placed in the school library. We plan to have one of his outdoor kodak pictures of himself enlarged and tinted and placed there, where the children may be reminded of a deaf man who was a success in his work.

"We wish to extend especially to the father and to the brothers and sisters our sincere sympathy in the passing of Harry Smith.

## Now It is Chief Miller

J. M. Robertson, after two years as Chief of the Bureau for the Deaf in the Department of Labor of North Carolina, was politically retired early in the year in favor of Hugh G. Miller, another capable deaf man.

While in office Mr. Robertson had the arduous duty of getting the machinery of his department oiled and in good working order, which makes it easier for his successor. We hope Mr. Miller will succeed in accomplishing as much good as did his predecessor.

## Notice!

Owing to the sickness of Kenneth Murphy, Treasurer of the Auto Fund Committee, the monthly statement has been omitted.

Having won the victory in New Jersey on borrowed money, which legalizes the deaf of the State to operate motor vehicles, is no reason why contributions should cease. Five hundreds dollars was loaned to the deaf of New Jersey in good faith. Now it is up to the deaf of New Jersey to make good this loan. Send your contribution to Kenneth Murphy, care THE SILENT WORKER, Trenton, N. J. Acknowledgments will be made in our next issue.

Although something of an idealist myself I always like any company in which I own stock.

WITH THE CROSS-WORD  
PUZZLE FANS

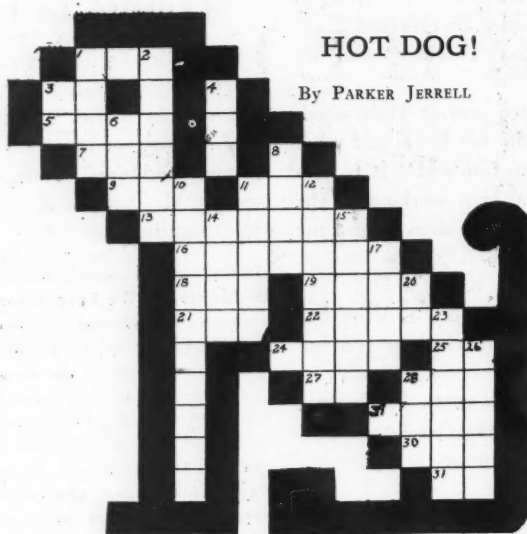
(Continued from page 383)

## HORIZONTAL

- 1 One of the colors of our flag  
Not white and it's not blue.
- 3 One of the parents.  
Not your ma.
- 5 Puts oil on.
- 7 Before marriage.
- 9 Period of time.
- 11 Phonetic spelling of Pach.
- 13 Day of the week.  
Often follows Monday; just  
as often precedes Wednesday
- 16 A mathematical proposition  
which can be proved.
- 18 A cereal grass.
- 19 This is an animal with nine  
lives and a superfluous "a."
- 21 2001. (Roman numbers.)
- 22 Pertaining to art.
- 24 U. S. Navy Ship. (abbr.)
- 25 Note of the musical scale.
- 27 Sunday School. (abbr.)
- 28 A pronoun.
- 29 What the deaf cannot do.
- 30 A backward number.
- 31 Magazine for the deaf. (ab.)

## HOT DOG!

By PARKER JERRELL



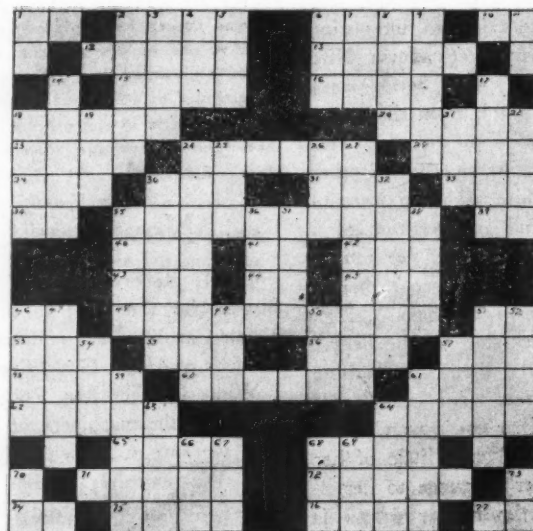
## VERTICAL

- 1 What causes us to carry um-  
brellas.
- 2 An arid tract of land where  
the camels come from.
- 3 Always found on potatoes.
- 4 A useful insect that makes  
honey. Begins with a "b,"  
has two "e's" and stings.
- 6 A great Civil War general.
- 8 An extinct bird.
- 10 What the deaf of New Jer-  
sey recently won the right  
to drive.
- 11 P-s-e-t-i. We couldn't even  
think of any words for these  
letters to abbreviate.
- 12 A defunct animal's body.
- 14 A Bible character.
- 15 Longs for.
- 17 Small rugs.
- 20 Note of the scale.
- 23 Removes dirt.
- 26 An Indian weapon.
- 28 First syllable of the college  
yell of a donkey. (—haw!)

By GORDON B. ALLEN

## HORIZONTAL

- 1 Printer's measure.
- 2 A narration.
- 6 To joke.
- 10 Conjunction.
- 12 Kind of candy.
- 13 To forerun.
- 15 A country road.
- 16 Cudgel.
- 18 To diminish.
- 20 Long, narrow hills.
- 23 Periods of time.
- 24 An insect.
- 28 A continent.
- 29 Unity.
- 30 A suffix denoting bearer, carrier.
- 31 A flying mammal.
- 33 A radio station.
- 34 A baseball player. (abbr.).
- 35 Follows reciprocally.
- 39 Electrical Engineer. (abbr.).
- 40 Perched.
- 41 First two vowels.
- 42 A sea bird.
- 43 A snow shoe.
- 44 A parent.
- 45 Franklin Tech. Inst. (abbr.).
- 46 Vertical No. 1. (reversed).
- 48 A kind of meat.
- 51 A southern state. (abbr.)
- 53 Vice-President of Gallaudet College.
- 55 Silent George Olsen. (initials).
- 56 Famous deaf society. (abbr.; reverse).
- 57 Devoured. (reverse).
- 58 Verily.
- 60 Bends forward.
- 61 Burst of sound.
- 62 Kind of flowers.



## VERTICAL

- 1 Conjunction. (Latin).
- 2 Stories.
- 3 Distant.
- 4 Lieutenant French Navy. (abbr.).
- 5 Organ of the body.
- 6 Justice. (abbr.).
- 7 Especially. (abbr.).
- 8 Name of a fish.
- 9 The earth. (Latin).
- 11 Egyptian sungod.
- 14 Lunar months; satellites.
- 17 Afflict; to hit.
- 18 Boy's name. (Poss. case).
- 19 Western New England. (abbr.).
- 21 And so forth. (German; abbr.).
- 22 Cause.
- 24 The mountings of jewels.
- 25 A prefix meaning before.
- 26 Nickname for Abraham. (reverse).
- 27 Liquors flavored with fruit.
- 30 Small flat particles.
- 32 One of an ancient German tribe.
- 35 A helper. (Abbr.).
- 36 Kind of clover plant.
- 37 Close.
- 38 Pelt.
- 46 Lacerate.
- 47 A man's name. (poss. case).
- 49 Small round mark.
- 50 Lordship. (Abbr.).
- 51 Series of steps.
- 52 Article of ladies' dress.
- 54 Assent.
- 57 Kind of tree.
- 59 Bird homes; lovers' homes.
- 61 An animal.
- 63 To hunt.
- 64 Kind of bird.
- 66 Consumed.
- 67 Point of the compass. (Abbr.).
- 68 An exclamation of disgust.
- 69 Period of time.
- 70 Morning.
- 73 In like manner.

## A WORD TO THE C. W. P. F's.

Behold here, ye C. W. P. F's., with your eager eyes and your blocky brains alert, this wonderful new and amazing surprise award I am offering to the person sending in the first correct solution to my puzzle! Rake your wits together, put a Tom Mix hat on so you can't scratch your hair out—if you have no Tom Mix sky piece a bucket will do. Don't start without a new pencil and ambition, for this puzzle's going to give your nut a trial. Think twice before you give up for there is a wonderful prize awaiting you. It'll be a thrill that comes but once in a life time. For hazards, cross-word puzzles have poker beat a mile. So cast away your chips and fall on this puzzle and get the prize. It may be a \$5.00 gold piece in one cent stamps, a

Mother's Day carnation, or what not. Anyway, it'll be a prize and one that is something new, and not an ugly picture, a shiny bath tub made in 44 B. C. or a fourteenth century string of imitation pearls, but a prize that'll make you "laff" your slats out and weep with joy. You C. W. P. F's. all know Crutch and the wonderful prizes he has been giving away? Well, his prizes have caused a number of the winners to develop cases of hysterical spasms (whether of delight or disappointment I'm not prepared to say), but here's mine waiting for you; to "goose" you and make you burst open "laffin"—or cryin'. It has Crutch's shinned. Don't worry yourself about what the prize will be; just hurry with the solution, send it to me and if yours is the first your happy dreams will come true.





# ATHLETICS

Sporting news of, by, and for the deaf will be welcomed by this department.

Edited by F. A. MOORE



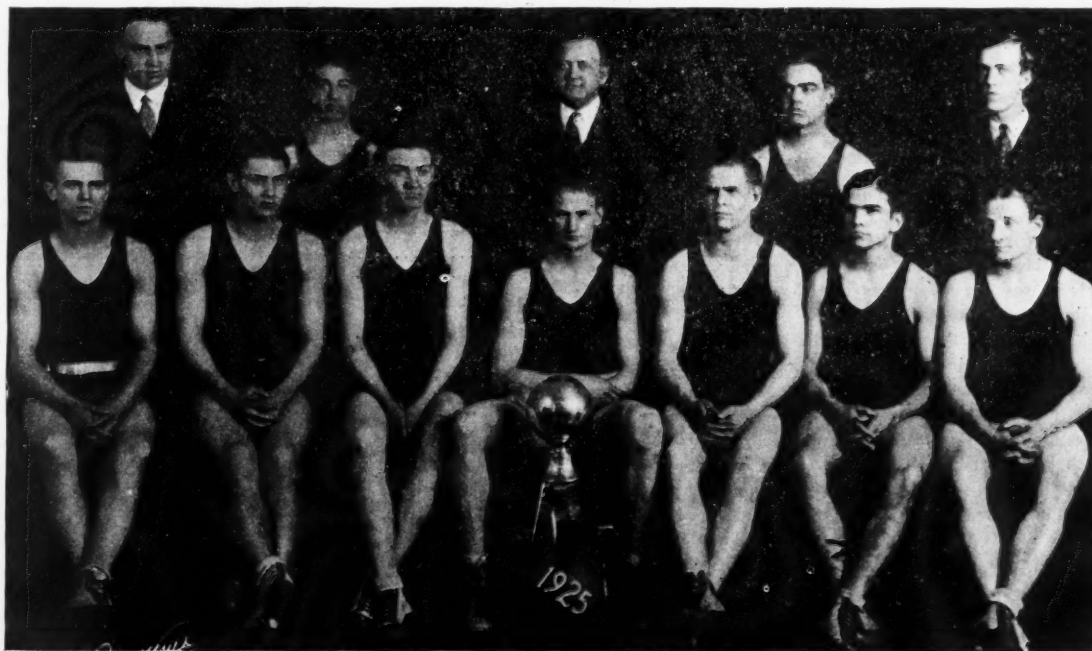
## Illinois 1925 Basketball Season



HE I. S. D. basketball team of 1925 was unquestionably the best in the history of the school, winning eight games and losing four. This brilliant record was a real surprise to all who watch or are kept posted on the progress of I. S. D. athletic activities, for we have no floor adapted to basketball playing. The season's accomplishments were directly contrary to those of the previous year, which was rather disastrous, and during which we won only one out of seven games. Furthermore, it was surprising how our champions accomplished good results from practice on such a small floor with many posts in our so-called gymnasium. As to the size of our court: it is forty-three (43) feet long and thirty (30) feet wide, with five wooden support posts about eight feet apart in a row four feet from the boundary line on each side, which makes the floor contrary to the minimum size allowed in the official basketball rules—60 by 40 feet. Besides, there is a running track gallery above and in the way of the playing floor. The situation involves much difficulty in shooting baskets from angles. Our boys could shoot with ease only from the front. They had no chance to develop good team plays on such a limited floor. Yet the Tigers were in earnest, practicing basketball tactics on this court, and frequently played scrimmages.

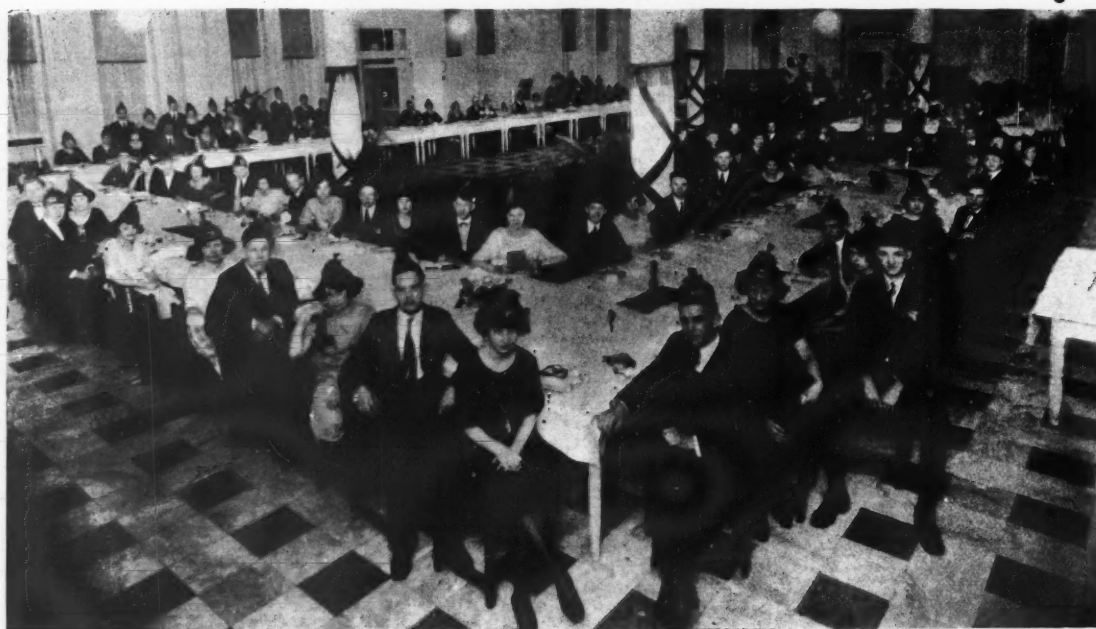
The Tigers played all the scheduled games on foreign floors throughout the season. Due to the Christmas holidays, the I. S. D. five was not able to put a full strength line-up on the floor until the first week in February. At first the players did not appear impressive, but they were working together all the time, both on the offense and on the defense. By and by the rough edges were worn off; they showed real form, developing into a well-balanced team. Thorough-going, unselfish teamwork, under the direction of painstaking Coach Burns, was in large measure responsible for success.

It seems unusual, but our champions met some of the best fives which won most of the games in Central Illinois. Occasionally fine surprises concerning the I. S. D. five games developed. It was a most pleasant surprise when our lads triumphed over the strong Jacksonville High School warriors on the latter's floor by the score of 23 to 17, the J. H. S. boys having won sixteen out of twenty games and copped the championship of this district. Routt High School quintet, one of the very best teams in Central Illinois, credited with nearly twenty victories, beat our boys on the Routt floor twice by very close margins—the first being 20 to 15 and the other 23 to 22, although they were doped to outscore us heavily. No doubt we could have beaten them if we had had a "home" floor. In an-



THE I. S. D. TIGERS—CHAMPIONS OF THE CENTRAL TOURNEY.

Standing row—Coach S. R. Burns, Frank Guzzardo, sub; Col. O. C. Smith, Managing Officer; Chester Crabb, guard; Alfred Cranwill, Manager  
Sitting row—Loris Schrader, forward; Lawrence Clark, sub; Bill Krallman, sub, center; Captain Ambrose Taylor, and the trophy, center; Jim Dillard,



FIRST ANNUAL ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION BANQUET—ILLINOIS SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF

Another surprise, our *Tigers* made a brilliant showing in the game with Champaign High School, holding them down to a small score—17 to 23. Champaign quintet is considered the best high school basketball team in Central Illinois, having won the title in the Eastern district of Illinois and also the Central Sectional tournament. They lost the final state championship game to the Elgin H. S. team at the University of Illinois gymnasium, after the elimination of about 600 high school teams in the race for the state championship title.

The *Tigers* took part in the Central Tourney at the Indiana School for the Deaf, in which besides Illinois, Wisconsin, Ohio and Indiana quintets participated, and won the four-state championship by beating Indiana and Wisconsin teams in close games, to the surprise of all. They gained permanent possession of the lovely silver basketball trophy donated by the faculty of the Indiana School, and brought it home, to the great joy of the I. S. D. pupils.

At the close of our basketball season the *Tigers* triumphed over the Missouri School lads by the score of 16 to 11, although the local paper and all the I. S. D. followers considered the *Tigers'* last game as the worst one they played this season. Probably it was due to the fact that they seemingly "cracked" under the long strain.

On the whole the *Tigers* showed the best kind of spirit and harmony since the inauguration of basketball here, creating fine sentiment and morale among all the boys who seemed to desire to participate in the game. Their enthusiasm and fine sportmanship in basketball, the earnest and painstaking work of Coach Burns, and the poor chances for development along basketball lines in our so-called gymnasium, attracted the attention of the state authorities and won their approval of our request for a new gymnasium. It is likely that the new gym will be ready for occupancy when our next basketball season eventuates. Our new 1926 team may be seen playing home games on our own floor.

The I. S. D. five has reflected much credit upon this school, winning applause from the local papers, many high school authorities and officials for their fine teamwork and sportmanship. Recently, the advisory board of the I. S. D. Athletic As-

sociation recognized these valuable principles and voted that five regulars be awarded basketball "I" letters, with the addition of a small star in recognition of their title as "champions." They are Captain Ambrose Taylor, Ralph Miller, James Dillard, Loris Schrader and Chester Crabb. There are several promising players on the squad who are worthy of mention, but none of them have played enough to win the letters.

## THE SEASON'S RECORD

I. S. D. ....	15	Routt High .....	20
I. S. D. ....	18	Pittsfield H. S. ....	14
I. S. D. ....	20	Ashland H. S. ....	17
I. S. D. ....	12	Bath H. S. ....	24
I. S. D. ....	23	Jacksonville H. S. ....	17
I. S. D. ....	20	Pittsfield H. S. ....	8
I. S. D. ....	30	Franklin H. S. ....	18
I. S. D. ....	17	Champaign H. S. ....	23
I. S. D. ....	20	Indiana School for Deaf ..	17
I. S. D. ....	22	Wisconsin School for Deaf	20
I. S. D. ....	20	Routt High .....	23
I. S. D. ....	16	Missouri School for Deaf..	11

Total, ..... 235 ..... 212



# ADOLPHUS RYBAREN WINS BUFFALO "NEWS" SHIELD IN FOUL GOAL TOURNEY

By TOM HINCHEY

March 7th was a great day for Adolphus Rybaren, but a greater one for the Buffalo Silent Athletic Club, when he won the "News" foul-goal tourney. More than 260 contestants took part and it was a great achievement for little Adolphus.

Dropping in nineteen free throws out of a possible twenty, he won the *Evening News* fourth annual foul-goal tournament

diana school had a tournament last February at which they were hosts to the lads from Illinois, Ohio, and Wisconsin, and through the generosity of a member of the Board of the Maryland school the team was able to make a trip through New York, Connecticut and New Jersey.

These athletic contests do a world of good in broadening the geographical knowledge and mental outlook, not only of the players but also the stay-at-home pupils, who get indirectly much of the benefit.—*Missouri Record*.

—O—O—

"False friends are worse than open enemies."



ADOLPHUS RYBAREN

at Elmwood Music Hall. Playing the back-board on every shot, Rybaren missed his first try and then caged the leather nineteen times in succession, to be crowned Western New York foul-goal Champion for 1925. Rybaren received the handsome *Evening News* Shield, which is now on exhibition at the Clubrooms. The Champion made a fine showing in 1924 but was nosed out for second place. Each contestant was allotted three practice throws. Rybaren missed his first practice shot and then caged the next two. Every one of his throws hit the back-board before dropping through the net.

Little Adolphus was born in Maine and moved to Niagara Falls before he learned to throw a basket. He was educated both at the Rochester and the Buffalo Schools for the Deaf. He played on the 1922 125-lb Championship team of Buffalo. This is his first year with the Silent Athletic Club basket ball team, he having graduated from the Buffalo School last June. For what he lacks in size, he makes up in speed. He is one of the fastest forwards in or around Buffalo and is a hard man to stop when cutting through for a basket. The Buffalo critics predicted a promising future for this diminutive star.

—O—O—

## ATHLETIC TRIPS

In recent years there have been more and more in'er-school athletic contests, especially in basketball, due to the small number of players on a basketball team and the fact that a game need never be called off because of "wet grounds." The In-



The athlete who lacks strength must attain his purpose by skill.



J. FREDERICK MEAGHER

National A. A. U. 108 lbs. wrestling champion 1918 and 1919. Second, 115 lbs., 1917. We believe he is the first deaf man who has ever won the national title.





BELFAST, (IRELAND) DEAF FOOTBALL TEAM 1924-25

## FOOTBALL IN IRELAND

Our Football Club team gained 34 points last season (2nd Division) and won promotion to the first Division in the Minor league of the *Irish Football Association*. Already this team had competed with "Irish Alliance;" North of Ireland "Combination," and Minor leagues. Twice our team beat Senior league clubs and now aims at promotion to a Senior league. A deaf coach is badly needed for their attacking line.

They can hold their own ground well against many a much stronger and heavier team. Everybody says he highly ap-



BELFAST DEAF FOOTBALL TEAM,  
Members and supporters, taken at Dough, March 7, 1925.

preciates their really good footwork and defense. More credit should be due to their goalkeeper. It would be worth watching his grand saves.

They motored to Dough, 14 miles from Belfast, to meet "Invermiur" on March 7th last and lost by 1 goal to nine. But our team played again with Invermiur on our own ground and drew 1 goal each. It was a great match.

WILLIAM PLATT.

— — —

"Better than fame is still the wish for fame, The glorious training for a glorious strife."

## PASSENGERS IN PAPER BATTLE

A sight rarely glimpsed, even among fun loving Americans, that of a crowd of grown-up, women, boys and girls, hard at play in what might appear to some a frivolous game, could have been seen by anyone who happened to be passing through the coach of a train bringing home the victorious football team of this school last fall.

It all started like this: One of the players who had given his all to the game that afternoon started to doze, which action was instantly resented by others who were in too good spirits due to the victory to sleep. One of these "tender-hearted" fellows threw a wad of paper at the sleeper as a gentle protest. The sleeper, now awake, of course, retaliated but singled out the wrong fellow. This innocent one sent several other wads flying back, one of which accidentally struck a "peach" sitting in the rear. Being a good-sport, she shot the wad back at the thrower. This started a merry exchange of paper balls, in which the whole train soon joined. Papers and magazines were pressed into service and torn sheet by sheet for use as ammunition. The conductor coming through to collect tickets was bombarded with the paper missiles, but he was a jovial, good-natured soul and joined in the spirit of the fun as wholeheartedly as any of them. It was only when the ammunition had given out that the battle ceased.

USEFUL BOOK FOR THE ADULT  
DEAF

**E**NGLISH PHRASES AND IDIOMS  
written by Dr. J. L. Smith, a deaf man and head teacher in the School for the Deaf, Faribault, Minn., and published by the Ohio School. It is in a sense a self educator in language. Price \$1.50. By mail post paid, \$1.60. The book will be sent on receipt of this amount.

Columbus, Ohio.

Address, State School for the Deaf.

# Windy City Observations

By THOMAS O. GRAY



ALL the organizations of the deaf the National Association of the Deaf is the most criticised, especially its functioning. In spite of its officers to do their best with whatever financial facilities placed at their disposal by the members. Even the executives of the past haven't escaped the censure of fault-finders. It seems to be a forced habit in that nothing done by one or the other pleases the association's members. Unquestionably, all the troubles of this organization can, indirectly, be traced to the low dues collected annually. Mauling the heads of each legally elected executive is a poor way to build up production and protection. Each of us ought to consent to have the dues placed at par with the strides of wages and cost of living. These later two have advanced by leaps and bounds since the foundation of the Nad. But what about the dues? A conservative business man will not hesitate to adjust his selling prices in prorate to the overhead expenses at the other end. Why does not the Nad adjust its accounts in a like manner? Don't say it's the fault of the present administration. It's up to the coming convention at Washington to see that this question is welded and forged into a satisfactory adjustment one in which all the members who are loyal will willingly abide by. It's regrettable that criticism has allowed itself to work up friction ending in political predominance. Our political, religious and even our fraternal affiliations should be left at home when working for the National Association of the Deaf. It's an organization in which all of us are concerned; we can not accomplish much unless we do so, petty quarrels and personal hatred will try to hang around for crumbs, unless we guard against bringing the above three to the convention. Those opposed to raising the dues on an equal basis with the high standard of American wage and living conditions haven't enough faith in themselves to try to do anything bigger. You know Shakespeare said: The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in OURSELVES, if we are UNDERLINGS." Life's underlings stay right in one spot—they get no further. Why wear out our body and soul trying to do a thing in the wrong way, blindly shutting ourselves off from the big accomplishments?

I frankly predict that should the dues be raised to their rightful rank, a diminishing of the membership roll will certainly take place. One loyal member is worth ten of the

doubtful. Why not lighten his burden by removing the excess baggage? The hard working, co-operative members can accomplish much more without being hindered by the derision of a few half-breds. The assistance of the Nad is more needed now than ever before. The threatened automobile legislation throughout the country is the most serious question confronting the deaf. Yet it's machinations attract little attention. Most of the deaf feel safe because they are told no opposition to deaf motorists is contemplated. As an example, the Wolff bill now before the Illinois Legislature has some very objectionable clauses, but a word from some politician acts as oil on troubled waters. For myself, and that of many others, who have seen the measure, it looks very deceitful in that it provides powers for the Secretary of State

to appoint a registrar of motor vehicles and right here is where objections are centered. It gives him the power to say if one is fit or not to drive a car. He can use his own judgment and is liable to be one of those ignorant of the status of the deaf. This is strikingly similar to the appointment of commissioners in New Jersey and Maryland. Here the deaf have had a hard fight to throw off the yoke. "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." The Chicago Motor Club, the body that has proved the nemesis of other similar bills, has so far blocked its passage and it looks as if it's going to be another battle of "Kilkenny Cats"—these cats fought in a saw-pit till only their tails remained.

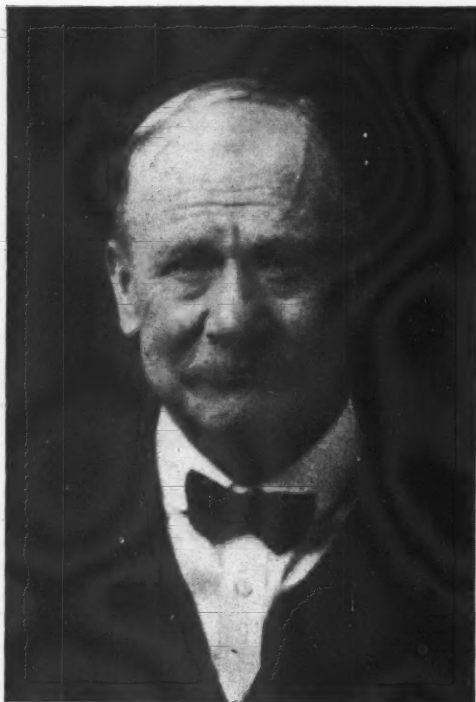
A writer in the *Jewish Deaf* thinks the National Association of the Deaf and the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf should work to hold their conventions at the same place, or near. This is ridiculous though supported by a few of the I. p. f. Two conventions held at the same time, or immediately following adjournment of the other, is decidedly out of place. It could not be conducted or managed in a plausible ending to members of both organizations. His idea supports an unseen attempt to merge the Nad with the N. F. S. D. I would not mind a consolidation of the two but for the financial differences. The Frat body is the stronger of the two and undoubtedly would attempt to be dictator over the business of the Nad. As long as the National Association of the Deaf is financially unequal of the other it should be kept clear of entangling alliances. The merging of the two under present conditions cannot be done with any benefits for either and under a single yoke would.

## Money Talks

IT IS deplorable the way the deaf in other parts of the country lean towards the battle for their rights. This virulent legislation if allowed to stick will in time be copied and a dose of it offered in another state. To arise in arms, co-operate with contributions of cash will in time earn dividends in amounts higher than if you invested it in gold bonds. Of course they have not asked it from outsiders but I believe our assistance will not be denied us. All members of the National Association of the Deaf are supposed to work in harmony in defense of the rights of the deaf, regardless of political, religious, or fraternal obligations. A little contribution from other sections of the country would enable our brothers to employ the best and carry the fight to the politician's own lair, and nothing is so distasteful to them than to have you use their own tactics to fight with. The influence of the superintendents of the schools for the deaf throughout the country is much appreciated by the deaf but, personally, I do not think politicians are swayed much by their faith in the ability of the deaf, as drivers, on the ground that their statements are obligatory due to their being the head of the schools. It takes good sound American dollars to kill detrimental legislation; it's not the gun but the quality of the ammunition that brings down the "bacon."

not work in harmony even if we tied their tails together. The Nad does not compell its members to attend its conventions and should one not be able to stand the expenses he could wait till the next and possibly it would not be so far distant.

The court decision in Maryland denying the right of a



CHARLES R. MORRIS, born in Dublin, Ireland, served thirty-eight years with Fairbanks Scale Co., Chicago, now retired on a pension of \$50 per month.

deaf driver to operate a motor car should be appealed to the highest court. And in the legal battle all the deaf of the entire country ought to rally to the assistance of their hard pressed brothers. Nothing seems to satisfy the politician's capricious whims more than having the satisfaction of knocking the seat from under deaf drivers. It is deplorable the way the deaf in other parts of the country lean towards the battle for their rights. This virulent legislation, if allowed to stick, will in time be copied and a dose of it offered in another state. To arise in arms, co-operate with contributions of cash will in time earn dividends in amounts higher than if you invested it in gold bonds. Of course, they have not asked it from outsiders, but I believe our assistance will not be denied us. All members of the National Association of the Deaf are supposed to work in harmony in defense of the rights of the deaf, regardless of political, religious, or fraternal obligations. A little contribution from other sections of the country would enable our brothers to employ the best and carry the fight to the politician's own lair, and nothing is so distasteful to them than to have you use their own tactics to fight them with. The influence of the superintendents of the schools for the deaf throughout the country is much appreciated by the deaf but, personally, I do not think politicians are swayed much by their faith in the ability of the deaf, as drivers, on the ground that their statements are obligatory due to their being the head of the schools. It takes good sound American dollars to kill detrimental legislation; it's not the gun but the quality of the ammunition that brings down the "bacon."

While out attending the evening classes at the University's school of journalism I happened to make the acquaintance of

another student from out West. Here there are several student enrolled but only twelve are taking the short story course, and this fellow was one. He was a very intelligent man with a pleasing personality, one which even the most critical would accept as a model of education and refinement. A warm friendship sprang up between us and as an assistant I was very fortunate in having him. His interpreting of lecture given in the chapel and taking down valuable remarks from the professor's verbal criticism of the work of students helped me along in rapid strides. This convinced me how easy it was for those who can hear to learn so fast as compared to the snail-space set by the deaf in grasping the finer points of higher education. The hearing students are able to complete their High School course by the time they are fifteen, whereas the deaf seldom get through before maturity. It's a herculean task for one deprived of his hearing to tackle an university's curriculum, but in spite of all the hardships I would rather plug along on the balance of my seven senses than to give up trying.

This young man conversed with me a great deal about how the deaf kept step with the progressive world. He asked numerous questions about the deaf to being able to detect objects by sight, their ability as drivers of motor vehicles, and the compensation of senses. His interests were wholly



MRS. PEARL GATTON, of Detroit, Mich., in costume that took first prize at N. F. S. D. Division No. 1 Mask Ball, February 28, 1925.

of an educational nature. I gave him all the information I had gathered through my journey along life's pathway. He became more interested and informed me that after his University work was over it was his intention to return home and should he ever be fortunate enough to be blessed with success he would be delighted to employ some deaf-mutes,



providing places could be found avoiding contact with the public. His father is connected with one of the motion picture studios in Hollywood, Calif., but I am not at liberty to divulge his name, as it was his wish for the time being. However, more will be heard from him later on, for I am confident he will make a name for himself.

In contrast to the above, another student from hereabouts who reminded me of "Toots," the accentric fellow in Dicken's "Dombey and Son," made my acquaintance. He was as different as night and day, always frowning on invitations for assistance, even though he would, at times, turn my way for information. One of our nights happened to be short on account of "Prexy" being on the puny list. On our way out I was surprised to receive a note in the following: "Wait here for me, I'll be right back and we will have a spin in my 'Sixty-six' roadster." Sure enough he drove up in a sporty looking car capable of shaking a mean ankle if necessary. I hopped in. It did not take me very long to discover we were slipping along the boulevards at a dangerous clip, and the bird perched on the steering wheel was one of those who ought to be in the psychological hospital for observance. To every admonishment to regard safety-first with more caution, his answer was only a wicked grin as we darted along, dodging other traffic, out into the open country. Here he ignored all crossing signals and not until the third grade crossing was reached did I realize the folly of driving so recklessly. It was right here that such tactics were not to be countenanced any longer. Scarcely had we escaped the embankment of tracks than a roar greeted us, looking back to see the Rocky Mountain Limited thundering by. I eyed a dagger into his countenance, but like all birds of his kind he seemed enraptured with the thrill as through it was done for the benefit of the film colony. I remained speechless the remainder of the trip and on pulling up at 1 West Monroe St., he finally asked me if I knew a safe place to park his car? "Sure," I replied "The safest place in the world to park your car is in front of a railroad crossing." This unexpected shot in place of gratitude for a "courteous" spin cut deep into his countenance. He stared at me in blank amazement as I entered the elevator for the Pas' club rooms, but looking out of the window he was seen to mutter a few words, adjust the gears and start. At Dearborn and Monroe he stopped, craned his neck to the north, then to the south, and sped across. I have not seen him any more at classes and am afraid he has been converted to "SEE or SUFFER" signs, for a lie does not hurt, it's the truth that cuts.

Anglenograms contained an efficacious write-up of a former neighbor Kenoshian, but the writer skipped a few, during time for the powder puff, that I herewith jot down for the benefit of the readers. Mr. Brown was a fellow-worker of mine during the time I was there. The Jeffery plant was then managed by the late Thomas B. Jeffery and he was a skilled mechanic, always taking strolls through the plant, and if anyone was doing the work out of step, Mr. Jeffery would not hesitate to bawl him out. One day Sam Brown was working in the body department as Mr. Jeffery came around. "Put more water there," he yelled at the top of his voice. Sam, being hard of hearing, put his hand behind his ears to form a pocket to catch the sound waves, but by this time the boss was wise and walked away. Ankling over to where a fellow worker was, Sam inquired what the boss wanted, then they both laughed. At another time, Sam and I were walking through the gate talking nothing but baseball and everyone was cautioned not to smoke inside the grounds; gasoline tanks seemed buried everywhere, but we happened to be absent-minded and forgot to do the rule justice, only to be grabbed by the watchman and told to put out the fire in our coppers.

Mrs. Brown, the writer neglected to state, was born in Dead Ham, Iowa, and anyone brave enough to enter a town of this name in search of a cook deserves a Congressional Medal.

The deaf should learn to appreciate the educational value of cross-word puzzles. Every vehicle of convenience contains numerous puzzle addicts, but I have not noted many deaf taking to his pastime. Dr. Herman N. Bundeen, health commissioner of the "Windy City," has this to say of these puzzles:

"It's a great disease. It affords pleasure, relieves the strain on the family tie, keeps the aged occupied, the youngsters busy, is a boon to those confined to house or hospital by illness, raises the tide of life and stimulates brain and body. The cross-word puzzles seems to fulfill a long felt want. It is a game which gives much pleasure, recreation, and costs little—an exceedingly cheap and profitable pastime. Health of mind is of much consequence to happiness and well-being as is health of body. A rational cycle of work, study, relaxation and amusement, is essential to the health of mind. The brain is the organ of thought, just as the stomach is the organ of digestion. The brain must be exercised and thus given the zest of wholesale employment. Activity is increased under the influence of pleasant feelings, giving a stronger heart beat, stirring the glands to better performance and invigorating all the organs of the body. Cross-word puzzles are the mental 'daily dozen.'"

## Do You Know Charles Henry Over?

To the Editor of the SILENT WORKER:

Will you kindly grant me the privilege of your columns to ask readers if they can inform me of the present whereabouts of Mr. Charles Henry Over, a graduate of the Wright School, New York City, and formerly residing with his grandfather on Riverside Drive? For a year or more during the Great War he made his home in Princeton, this state.

W. W. BEADELL,  
Arlington, N. J.

## Montreal Hebrew Deaf-Mute Society

The above named society which was incorporated in 1923 has been holding monthly meetings regularly during the year.

On the 28th of March a wind-up meeting was held at the Montefiore Orphan's Home. At this meeting a fine donation was made to the Hebrew Orphans and the heartiest thanks and good wishes were received from the officers of the Home.

In recognition of the good work of President J. Schwartzman the Society staged a party in his honor at which he was presented with a silver cigarette case. In a neat little speech the President thanked the givers.

Mr. and Mrs. Schwartzman and Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Goodman were tended a farewell reception before their departure for New York.

### COULDN'T DO ANY BETTER

"I'm going to marry your sister, Bobbie," confided the happy young man, "but I know I'm not good enough for her."

"That's what sis says," returned the youthful culprit, "but ma's been tellin' her she can't do any better."

### DAILY EXERCISE

Visitor—"Do you give your dog any exercise?"

Owner—"Yes, he goes for a tramp everyday."

# Deaf-Mute Girl Broadcasts to World

*Overcomes Handicap and Learns to Talk, Dance and Hold Job in Great Department Store*

(From the Oregon Journal, March 1, 1925)



WILLAMETTE DeLASHMUTT, who "hears" with her eyes, and who, though born a deaf-mute, has schooled her tongue and lips to speak, talked at 4 o'clock Saturday afternoon to the world's Great radio audience.

The event, which was unique in the world's history, took place in the broadcasting station on the roof of the Meier & Frank Company store. Movie cameras cranked and a group of store officials, proud of the remarkable girl's accomplishments, watched from the doorway.



1. Grace Perringer who marks goods has worked several years at this store.
2. Willamette De Lashmutter talking over radio. As far as we know she is the first deaf girl to broadcast over one about the deaf and her work at the Meier and Franks. She is 24 years old. She uses signs also when talking to the deaf.
3. Rose Delaney, another Oregon School graduate. She works in the filing room in Meier and Franks.
4. Frances Poi and Irene Elliott packing candy. Both were pupils of the Oregon State School at Salem.
5. Willamette De Lashmutter at her work. She has about a dozen hearing girls working under her in her department. She is the leader of the unmarried set in Portland and very popular with the younger deaf.
6. Frances Poi signing "Pig." Miss Poi is a Chinese and one of the brightest deaf girls in the Meier and Franks Store.

Miss DeLashmutt is one of more than half a dozen deaf-mute girls employed in the store, which adopted a policy back in 1917 of finding places for deaf-mute girls.

### Beats Handicap

Unlike most girls, born with Miss DeLashmutt's handicap, she has been able, with her nimble wits and her smiling disposition, to bridge, as completely as though it did not exist, the barrier between herself and others who hear and speak.

She reads lips with such uncanny certainty that she is able to "jolly" back and forth with her associates and to take part in the small talk which is denied most girls afflicted with her handicap.

Though she cannot hear, she enjoys opera, plays the phonograph for pleasure, is fond of outdoor sports and picnics, and gets, she says, as much fun from life as most girls, and more pleasure than some.

### Reads Movie Talk

She is devoted to her mother, and her mother is devoted to her. They are "pals." They go to shows together—and many the strange story that Miss DeLashmutt can tell of what movie folk really say in the sobby love scenes or in moments when all the audience except herself are tense with the excitement of some dramatic moment that has been made "kickless" for her because she could "hear" what the actors said.

When she was a baby only a few months old, Miss DeLashmutt's trouble descended on her.

Her baby ears may have heard sounds, but they were so young that no inkling of what a sound really is like was carried over into her memory. She tries often to imagine what, say, the voice of her mother is like to those who hear. But it is only guesswork.

### "Feels" Sounds

"To me, it's quivering little waves in the air that I can feel—all over—it's the pressing of lips into M's or the flashing of the tongue against the teeth—or fluttering movements on her throat that tell me what ideas are being built for me to understand."

Miss DeLashmutt's imagination has built up for her a curious mental picture of the sounds of things. These pictures, which she gets from the feeling of the sound waves, give her as much pleasure when she "hears" a phonograph as they do to those who hear with ears.

"It is the rhythm that I like," she says. "I can feel when the saxophone or horns, or other instruments chimes in. Violin music I do not enjoy, for its waves are so feeble that I do not make much from them, but orchestras, and bands, too, I enjoy very much."

When she was quite small Miss DeLashmutt went to an ordinary kindergarten. She held her place along with normal girls, but when it came time to go into grammar school things did not go so well.

### Thought "Stupid"

"They thought I was stupid," she said, and smiled—this girl who speeds lightning fingers over calculating machines all day long—who makes a typewriter buzz with fury, and who can "hold her own" with any article of office equipment.

Later she went to the old Buchman school for deaf-mutes, and there began the study of how to talk.

Learning to read lips was quite simple. It was learning to talk that was hardest. This meant many hours of sitting, in tense concentration, with her fingers touched lightly to the "Adam's apple" of her teacher, learning every shade of vibration, and trying to make sounds that would "feel" the same way when she held her fingers to her own throat.

### Is Hard Grind

She learned to distinguish the funny little nasal buzz that some sounds make—was taught to see how paper vibrated to some of these sounds when it was held near the nose, and to check the vibrations of her own nose when she tried to imitate the sounds herself.

"It took years of practice to get so I could really be sure I was making the sounds exactly as I wished to make them," she said.

Practice, however, has made perfect. Her quick eye now takes in such tiny details that she can repeat glibly as though she heard them spoken the names of strangers to whom she is introduced, or new words she may be asked to repeat.

### Accepted Situation

Though not so proficient as she is now, Miss DeLashmutt thought matters out while she was attending school for the deaf-mutes. She decided that it would be best for her, and her mother agreed, if she just set out to compete with other girls in their own grounds.

She therefore applied for admission and was enrolled in the girls' commercial high school where she took up type-writing and business studies, along with other routine of the classrooms.

"I guess they thought I was sort of stupid," she said, "because I couldn't always seem to do things that looked simple to the other girls. But I tried my hardest, and now I can do almost any office work that is to be done—stencils, book-keeping machines, typewriters and almost any kind of adding machine or comptometer."

### Has Many Hobbies

Miss DeLashmutt was a bit puzzled when asked her hobby.

"I like so many things," she said. "For instance, I love to dance—I think I like dancing best of all amusements—but then, I also like picnics and hiking.

"I'm not much of a swimmer, and I haven't learned, yet, to play golf, though I hope to soon.

"I'll have to give up on picking a favorite, I guess—I go in for all the things that other girls enjoy—from chewing gum to 500 or pinochle."

Quite as an afterthought, she added that the crossword puzzle bug bit her quite as hard as it did the other 2000 girls in the store.

### Studies and Plays

She is a bookworm, and of sufficiently studious turn of mind to set aside some time each week for serious study. Figures intrigue her, and she's gone a long way up into higher mathematics for the "fun of it."

She enjoys movies, plays and grand and light operas. Her favorite of all stage productions is "Robin Hood," though she likes the "Bohemian Girl," and admitted that she rarely misses a chance to sob daintily into her handkerchief at "Madame Butterfly."

"I always go to these shows with my mother," she says.

When Helen Keller came through Portland a few years ago, Miss DeLashmutt was taken back stage, with other Meier & Frank girls, to meet the distinguished woman whose example has been such a hopeful ray to others similarly handicapped.

### Met Helen Keller

They chatted for several minutes, and Miss DeLashmutt learned that she and Miss Keller had learned, in precisely the same way, to discover their ability to talk.

They conversed, Miss DeLashmutt reading Miss Keller's lips, and Miss Keller holding her sensitive fingers to Miss DeLashmutt's face. The crowd around heard the voices—the talk—that neither of the speakers could hear.



Since 1917 there have been some 20 deaf-mutes employed at the big department store. It all came about through the appearance, that year, of an attractive, bright looking girl whose name then was Charlotte Coffin, but who has since married a deaf-mute boilermaker named Lynch.

### Wins Her Job

She walked into Superintendent W. E. Kernan's office and wrote out her message, requesting employment. She gave as reference her brother, who was an employe in one of the other departments in the store.

"She was so bright and looked so capable," said Kernan, "that I decided on the spot to find a place for her."

A place was found for her in the office, filling papers. She was quick and accurate and faithful.

"There was something about her that stayed in my mind," said Kernan, "I thought of how handicapped such girls were, and what a pity it was they should be forbidden the chance to work alongside of other girls."

"Miss Coffin had been educated in the Salem school. She wrote her friends about her job, and it was almost no time at all before we were besieged for jobs by other girls who could not hear or talk."

### Are Good Workers

"We agreed on a policy of using all girls who looked capable, and from that time on we have had them working in many parts of the store, at such work as candy packing, marking goods and doing the many things which they can do as well as other kinds of office and clerical work girls."

Kernan and Miss Moore, his assistant, both say that they have never regretted the policy. The girls are pleasant associates, honest and capable workers. Sometimes there have been as many as 14 employed in the store at one time. The only reason any of them ever left was to be married and retire to domestic life. They receive the same pay and are treated and regarded as on the same basis as the girls who work around them and with whom they compete.

## Nothing Can Be Done

Physicians agree that nothing can be done for Elmyra and her sisters. Three years ago when Elmyra came to Cincinnati she could not utter one word. Now she can say whole sentences. She had learned to read with her fingers; to weave rugs; to print books for the blind and to bind them.

With her fight to see and hear through her fingers won, the greatest fight of all is on now and Elmyra Carlisle is never going to rest until the sentences that she can now pronounce become paragraphs and the paragraphs have become chapters in the life of a second Helen Keller. Her teachers and constant companions are Mrs. William Hoy and the Misses Georgia and Florence Trader of this city.

Mrs. Hoy teaches her one day each week. Miss Georgia Trader, who is blind herself, has taught her how to tell time and she takes her turn in helping with the housework, cares for her own room, writes on the typewriter, works on the printing press, plays cards, checkers and dominoes.

The girls at the home are paid for their work in the printing, rug weaving and sewing shops, and last August Elmyra had saved enough of her earnings to take a trip home to visit her family. Her mother is a widow in rather meagre circumstances. Elmyra could not afford to pay to have some one take her, so she made the trip alone.—*The New York World*, March 8.

### NOT FIT FOR A DOG

Elsie: "Shall I put on my mackintosh and run out and post these letters, mother?" Mother: "No, dear, it's not fit for a dog to be out a night like this. Let your father post them."



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### Investors

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#### UJIGAWA ELECTRIC POWER CO, Ltd

1st. Mtge. 7% Sinking Fund Gold Bonds  
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# THE SILENT WORKER

## LONG HORNS

397

By TROY E. HILL

### San Antonio



SOME eighty miles southwest of Austin, Texas, is situated the City of San Antonio, Texas, recorded by the last census as being the largest city in the State of Texas, as to population, but whether this is true or not, there is no doubt that no city in the State of Texas, is dearer to the hearts of all loyal Texans, than is this beautiful semi-tropical city of ours.

Like most names in and around it San Antonio is a Spanish name, being translated into English as Saint Anthony, and was named in honor of St. Anthony of Padua by the early Spanish priests who first built the Missions and cultivated the lands of Bexar County, teaching the Indians and Mexicans, years before Texas was settled by white people.

A visitor to the city today will marvel at the wonderful state of preservation in which the old Missions are. Most notable of the Missions is of course The Alamo, Cradle of Texas Liberty, and mecca of all tourists, Northerners and Texans alike. No building in the country has such a wonderful history, no building in the country, if buildings could talk, could tell such tale of courage, bloodshed, despair, as could the Alamo. Here it was that Texans numbering less than 200, fought and held back for two weeks the hordes of Santa Anna the Napoleon of the West, as he boastfully called himself. Here died the immortal Bowie, the incomparable Crockett, the great Commander Travis, all the three heroes being well known to the readers of history and early tales of fiction.

No doubt every child in the public schools of the country has heard of David Crockett, and his favorite gun "Ole Betsy", as he was pleased to call it, but few if any know that the gun was presented to Crockett by the citizens of Philadelphia when Crockett was there at one time on a visit, and of which Crockett would say "'Tis just about as beautiful a piece as ever came out of Philadelphia." The gun was made specially to his own measurements, and was the gun he took to Texas with him. The following story told by Crockett himself, gives one an insight to the happy go lucky disposition of this lovable character of Texas and United States History. While on his way to Texas, Crockett stopped at Little Rock, Arkansas, where the people gave him a great banquet, and after the meal a committee called upon him and asked him

to show them some of his shooting. Crockett's story is as follows:

"Well, I shouldered my Betsy, and she is just about as beautiful a piece as ever came out of Philadelphia, and I went out to the shooting grounds, followed by all the leading men of Little Rock, and that was clear majority of the town; for it is remarkable that there are always more leading men in small villages than there are followers.

"I was in prime order. My eye was as keen as a lizard's and my nerves were as steady and unshaken as the political course of Henry Clay. So at it we went—the distance 100 yards. The principal marksmen, fair shooting, I tell you.

"At length it came my turn. I squared myself, raised my beautiful Betsy to my shoulder, took deliberate aim, and smack, I sent the bullet right into the center of the bull's eye.

### A Chance Shot?

"There's no mistake in Betsy," said I, in a sort of careless way, as they were all looking at the target, sort of amazed and not all overpleased.

"That's a chance shot, Colonel," said one who had the reputation of being the best marksman in those parts.

"Not as much chance as there was," said I, when Dick Johnson took his darkie for better or for worse, I can do it five times out of six any day in the week." This I said in as confident a tone as "the Government"—Crockett always referred to President Andrew Jackson, as "the Government," in derision of the President's high-handed ways—"did when he protested that he forgave Col. Benton for shooting him, and he was now the best friend he had in the world.

"I knew it was not altogether as correct as it might be, but when a man sets out going the big figure halfway measurers won't answer nohow; and the greatest and best"—Alluding to Jackson again—"had set me the example that swaggering will answer a good purpose at times."

### The Second Trial

"They now proposed that we should now have a second trial; but knowing I had nothing to gain, I was for backing out and fighting shy. But there was no let-off, for the cock of the village, though whipped determined not to stay whipped; so to it again we went.

"They were now put upon their mettle, and they fired.



Japanese Sunken Gardens, Brackenridge Park, San Antonio, Texas. These gardens were evolved from an abandoned rock quarry several years ago.

much better than the first time; and it was what might be called pretty sharp shooting. When it came my turn I squared myself and turned to the prime shot. I gave him a knowing nod, by way of showing my confidence and says I, "Look out for the bull's-eye, stranger."

"I blazed away, and I wish I may be shot if I didn't miss the target. They examined it all over and could find neither hair nor hide of my bullet, and pronounced it a dead



THE HISTORIC ALAMO, the Cradle of Texas Liberty.

miss, when says I, "stand aside and let me look, and I warrant you I get on the trail of the critter.

#### A Clever Stratagem

"They stood aside, and I examined the bulls-eye pretty particular and at length cried out, "Here it is; there is no snakes if it hadn't followed the track of the other."

"They said it was utterly impossible, but I insisted upon their searching the hole, and I agreed to be stuck up as a mark myself if they didn't find two bullets there. They searched to my satisfaction, and, sure enough, it all came out just



MISSION CONCEPTION, erected in 1716, in a wonderful state of preservation and is still used as a church.

as I had told them, for I had picked up a bullet that had been fired and stuck it deep into the hole without anyone perceiving it.

"They were now put upon their mettle, and they fired too great a flourish of trumpets when speaking of me as a marksman and they all said they had enough of shooting for that day, and they moved that we adjourn to the tavern and liquor."

It was this same Crockett whom the Mexicans on the day after the slaughter of the Alamo found dead behind a pile of twenty-old Mexican soldiers that he had killed with his deadly Betsy, welding it as a club after having exhausted his ammunition. Not only Crockett, Bowie and Travis, but the whole of the defenders of the Alamo died the same glorious death in order that you and I might enjoy freedom from the rule of the Mexican Dictator "Prince of Butchers," Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna.

#### High Spots in Texas History

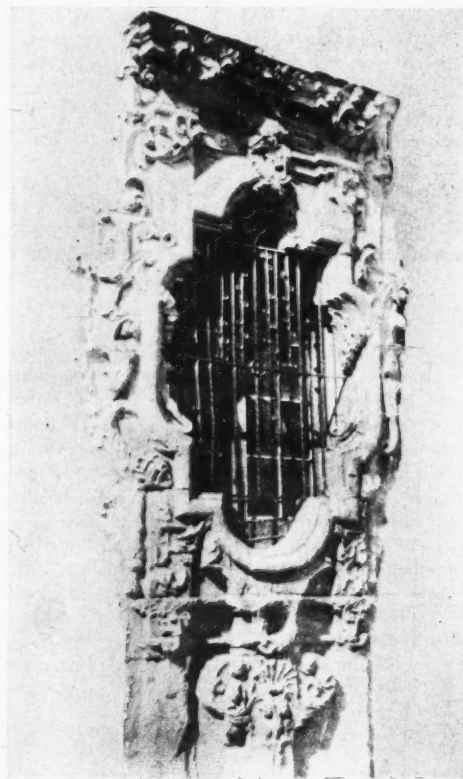
Feb. 22, 1836, Siege of the Alamo began.

March 2, 1836, Texas Declaration of Independence proclaimed.

March 6, 1836, The Alamo falls—Bowie Crockett and Travis killed.

March 27, 1836, Fannin and his men are massacred at Goliad.

April 21, 1836, Santa Anna is defeated and captured at Battle of San Jacinto, and Texas' war of freedom is won.



Beautifully Sculptured Window at the Mission San Jose.

May 14, 1836, Texas Independence acknowledged by Mexico in treaty of Velasco.

It is not only as a historical city that San Antonio draws attention. As a winter resort it has few equals. In San Antonio, the winter only serves to accentuate the perfume of roses and give an added zest to life in the open. Roses bloom in the shelter of swaying palms and the great outdoors trumpets "welcome" at every turn.

Is it any wonder, then that San Antonio is the mecca for eager golfers from all directions? They come from coast to coast to make the city's numerous courses their winter "stamping grounds." Here Maine shakes hands with Michigan; New York waves to Illinois.

A quaint Latin atmosphere adds a lazy charm to the de-



lights of a sojourn in San Antonio. Down meandering side streets are tasked fascinating bits of old Mexico.

In the heart of town stands the Alamo, an ivy covered monument to the glorious fight for liberty. South of the city are the missions—five gray pearls strung out on a white highway—mute tributes to the faith of the padres who carried the cross of civilization into the wilderness two hundred years ago.

Mission San Jose numbers among its treasures one of the finest carved windows in American architecture.



GUTHRIE WILLIAMS

Bank Clerk at Junction, Texas, formerly Deputy County Clerk at his home in Yancey, Texas.

Mission Conception, erected 1716, is in a wonderful state of preservation and is still used as a church.

It was my great pleasure to take Bro. F. P. Gibson and wife, Mr. James A. Sullivan, and Bro. George Gordon Kanapell on trips through these beautiful Missions, and the City of San Antonio, and I know that each of them will value and keep alive the memory of their trips through this quaint city of Texas. Wild ride in a flivver from Austin to San Antonio, over the city and back to Austin, in one day. Ask them. I have heard that Mrs. Gibson says the roaring road between Austin and San Antonio beats any shoot the chutes she ever rode on. In all seriousness it is and always will be a great pleasure for me to remember that I had the pleasure of taking these northern friends through the City of San Antonio, and while on each of the three different trips we only had one day, we got to see all that was important.

Scattering throughout the city are forty-six parks and plazas, ranging in size from hundreds of acres down to quaint little beauty spots tucked away in unsuspected quarters. Modern commerce flows around the several plazas that are the centers from which the city has grown.

In Brackenridge Park is the Sunken Garden, a fairyland of semi-tropical loveliness. Here, too, is the municipal golf course, polo field, tennis courts, rifle range, bathing beach and other facilities for recreation.

Having its headwaters above Brackenridge Park, the San Antonio River winds its picturesque way through the heart of town, traveling twenty miles to go a distance of six.

One of San Antonio's chief claims to greatness is the purity

of its artesian water supply. Bubbling up in crystal clearness from a depth of 1200 feet, the water never sees the light of day until it flows from faucets. Seventeen wells provide more than 50,000,000 gallons daily.

In San Antonio is also located Camp Travis one of the largest of the Army Camps during the world War, and still used as one of the larger army training camps, also Fort Sam Houston, and Kelly Field, one of the remaining army air training fields.

It would be possible to write pages and pages upon the beauties and wonders of San Antonio, but one last word and I will ring off. Let us step into *La Casa Del Rio*, and enjoy a real Mexican supper, which contains everything that's hot, a meal that even a staid old Boston Yankee could enjoy, for it even contains *Frijoles*, which is Spanish for Beans, and when it comes to Chili, You can't beat a Mexican making it.

Next time you have a vacation to spend in the winter try TEXAS AND SAN ANTONIO.

#### Business College Education for the Deaf

In the year 1914, the Texas School for the Deaf, then under the superintendency of Gus. F. Urbanktke, established a class in book-keeping and typewriting.

Many of the teachers said it was a pure waste of money, while some were fair enough to wait and give the class a chance to prove whether it was a waste of time or not.

At the time this class was organized, I was a little devil in the printing shop, and pretty well disgusted with the printers' trade too, believe me. They didn't have linotypes at Texas School for the Deaf, in those days, and I was pretty well fed up on hand composition and feeding the job press. In other words, I was stale, and jumped at the chance to go into the book-keeping and typewriting class. Now I am not going to blow off about anybody except this first class that was first under the tuition of Mr. Louis Buecherl, the Superintendent's private stenographer, and later Mr. W. A.



W. J. CAPPS

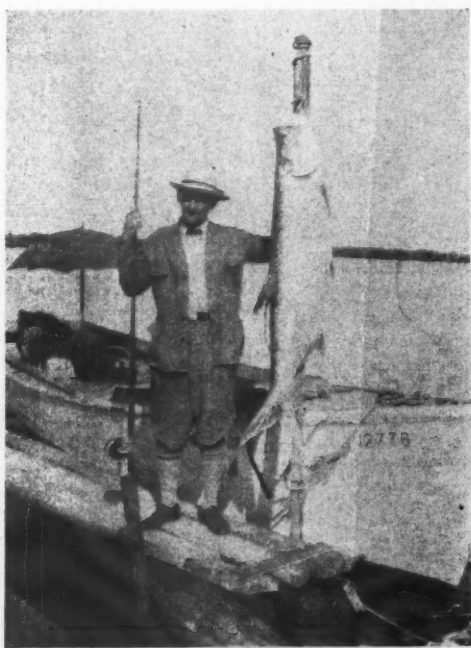
Deputy County Clerk at Cleburne, Johnson County, Texas.

"Bill" Holland, now bookkeeper in the State Board of Control. The ten pupils I have in mind are as follows:

Clifton Seale, Perry Markus, Robert Baird, Grover A. Morgan, Guthrie Williams, W. J. Capps, John Branham, Fielding B. Briggs, Hons Byrne and myself. Of these ten original pupils, there are eight at this time or within the past years who have earned a living and a good living, from their trades.

as book-keeper or typist. The other two did not want to follow it after leaving school. One of them, Clifton Seale, is a prosperous farmer, and the other one, Robert Baird, is a mechanic.

Of those who followed the trade, the following are working, (1) Fielding B. Griggs, is a bookkeeper in the Dallas Power & Light Company, Dallas, Texas; (2) Perry Lee Markus, after being a Poster in a bank for six years, is now Junior partner in the firm of Markus & Son Brokers, Lufkin, Texas; (3) W. J. Capps, is deputy County Clerk, at Cleburne, Johnson County, Texas; (4) Hons Byrne, is freight clerk for the M. K. & T. Railway at Smithville, Texas; (5) John Brannham is bookkeeper in a bank at Wichita Falls, Texas; (6) Guthrie Williams is now in a bank at Junction Texas, formerly was Deputy County clerk at his home in Yancey, Texas; (7) the writer, is Deputy District Clerk of Dallas County, Texas, in charge of Executions and Orders for Sale. The 8th, Grover A. Morgan, is not at present working at his trade, being now employed by the Alabama School for the Deaf as instructor in shoemaking. Grover Morgan and the writer both saw service in the U. S. Government offices in Washington, D. C., Grover in the War Department and I in the Navy. Later we both taught school. It was while teaching school in Austin, that I tried to have this course re-established, but lack of finances prevented. For two years while a teacher there, however, the writer devoted his time without compensation to trying to teach some of the pupils typewriting. Of the pupils he had, Carey Shaw now in Gallaudet College, and Miss Grace Davis, daughter of W. H. Davis, Professor of Mathematics at Texas School for the Deaf, showed unusual ability and promise, and I understand Miss Grace is keeping up her practice. I believe that this trade should be taught to the deaf, and know that if a deaf person masters it he or she can earn good money.



A. D. Salmon, of New Jersey, and his 80-lb Tarpon which he caught January 27th in the Ten Thousand Islands near Everglades, Florida. Took him nearly an hour to land it.

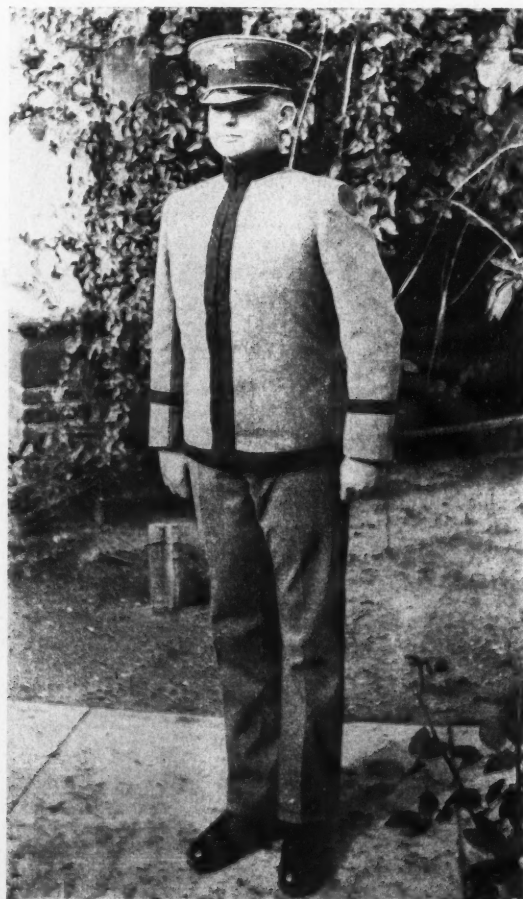
#### FOR SALE

Religious Essays, written for the Deaf. Silent Worker print. Fifteen cents in stamps. Refund if dissatisfied. Rev. O. Schroeder, 2204 Bunts Rd., Cleveland, Ohio.



HARRY CARY GLOVER  
(eight months old)

Second hearing son of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Glover, Columbia, S. C.



JAMES UNDERHILL

Hearing son of Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Underhill of St. Augustine, Florida.

# Gallaudet College

By MARGARET E. JACKSON



INAUGURATION DAY culminated in one of the most outstanding events in the college careers of the Gallaudet students. Never had the Greeners been before more inspired by reverence out of loyalty for their country when they witnessed the inaugural ceremony on the Plaza of the Capitol where President Coolidge took his office oath before the sea of humanity. Simplicity, solemnity, and lack of pomp and splendor, so characteristic of our national leader, were prevalent everywhere. The parade on the historic Pennsylvania Avenue was greatly impressive. The students were so fortunate as to see the members of the Coolidge Cabinet, and also governors from many states of which Governor Pinchot, of Pennsylvania, a picturesque figure riding on his horse, and Governor Ross, of Wyoming, were the most interesting personages to the spectators.

In the early part of March on an intensely cold, clear night, the members of the Senior Class in astronomy enjoyed exceptionally fine view of the moon and the planets Mars and Jupiter at the Naval Observatory in Georgetown. The weather, though it was penetrating, was ideal for the occasion, but the night was altogether too short for the Seniors.

The month of March saw an unusual program for the Sunday afternoon chapel services. The students had the great pleasure of being preached to by the Reverends Oliver E. Whildin, of Baltimore, and Herbert Merrill, of Syracuse, on two Sundays, successively.

Friday evening, the sixth, the Phi Alpha Sigma Fraternity held its third annual banquet in Hotel Raleigh.

## MENU

Grapefruit Raleigh	
Strained Chicken Gumbo Soup	
Celery	Olives
Filet Sea Bass Saute	Fried Apples
Roast Native Spring Lamb	Mint Sauce
New Potatoes	Green Peas
Lettuce and Tomato Salad	French Dressing
Fresh Strawberry Ice Cream	Assorted Cakes
Demi Tasse	
Vin d'Osiris	

## TOASTS

Toastmaster .....	Grand Emir G. Brookins
<i>"Let the toast pass; Drink to Osiris and Isis."</i>	
Sense and Nonsense .....	Bro. Allison
<i>"Laugh and the world laughs with you, Weep, and you weep alone."</i>	
Values .....	Bro. Elstad
<i>"Human improvement is from within outwards."</i>	
The Queen of Our Hearts .....	Bro. Santin
<i>"The Star of the unconquered will."</i>	
Ideals .....	Bro. Flood
<i>"Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers."</i>	
Parting Song .....	Bro. Wallace
<i>"And pleasing dreams, and slumbers light." "To all, to each, a fair good night,"</i>	

Fraternity, thou art the golden cord  
That binds us all together! Steel nor sword  
Can cut the tie; not e'en when life departs,  
For magic is the pow'r which binds our hearts.

Saturday evening, the seventh, the Co-eds' Buff and Blue team carried out the colors for Gallaudet when they invaded the floor of the Wilson Normal tossers for a return game. The Gallaudetites were well under way from the start to the end, and Captain Kannapell's scoring seven two-point goals was the strongest feature in the play. The Wilson forwards were so cornered that they found themselves in unfavorable shooting positions. Consequently the victory went into the hands of the Greeners by the score 19-13.

March the eighth, the Young Women's Christian Association took charge of the Sunday afternoon chapel services for a public meeting. Margaret Jackson, '25, presided. Mrs. William Slade, a prominent member of the Board of Directors of the Y. W. C. A. in Washington and a graduate of Vassar, spoke. No sooner had she been twenty-four hours in Washington from Florida, where she spent one month, than she visited the Green for the meeting. In spite of this, she left the students greatly impressed by her subject—"Christianity and Internationalism."

Friday evening, the thirteenth, found an unusually large assemblage of many deaf persons, well known by the deaf public and deaf persons at the last Literary Society Meeting for the second term. Dr. J. Schuyler Long, '89, principal of the Iowa School, delivered an address to the audience. It is quite needless to say that Dr. Long is master of the sign-language. His "Out Where the West Begins" was very entertaining as well as instructive to all. After the meeting a social ensued and refreshments were served.

The Silver Anniversary of the Kappa Gamma Fraternity brought in to the Green a large number of former students of Gallaudet from many parts of the country. Among them were Dr. J. Schuyler Long, of Iowa, the Reverend J. H. Kent and Thomas F. Fox, both of New York; A. Herdtfelder, of Romney, W. Va., and George T. Sanders, of Philadelphia. To celebrate the anniversary, the Kappa Gamma feasted in Hotel Burlington on March the fourteenth. It is reported that the banquet was a tremendous success in every way, relished with witty entertainment and savory dishes.

## MENU

*"Oh, dainty and delicious!  
Food for the gods! Ambrosia for Apicins!  
Worthy to fill the soul of sea-born Venus,  
Or titillate the palate of Silenus!"*

Oyster Cocktail	
Consomme Royale	
Celery	Olives
Filet of Bass, Saute Meuniere	
Half Broiled Chicken, au Cresson	
Potatoes Chateau	Peas a la Mint
Hearts of Lettuce, Russian Dressing	
Pineapple Ice Cream	Cakes
Demi-Tasse	
Nectar de Vishnu	

## TOASTS

<i>"The glad circle round them yield their souls To festive mirth; and wit that knows no gall."</i>	
Toastmaster .....	Grand Rajah Beauchamp
<i>"To the old, long life and treasure; To the young, all health and pleasure."</i>	



- Communications ..... Tahdheed Krug  
*"Great souls, by instinct to each other turn,  
 Demand alliance, and in friendship burn."*
- Beginnings ..... Bro. Hall  
*"As the dew to the blossom, the bud to the bee,  
 As the scent to the rose, are those memories to me."*
- In Perspective ..... Bro. Long  
*"Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,  
 And Laughter holding both his sides."*
- Below from Above ..... Bro. Burnes  
*"Love, hope, fear, faith—these make humanity;  
 These are its sign and note and character."*
- The Magic 3's ..... Bro. Hughes  
*"Oh, by-by wilt the deed and plan  
 Be judged by the motive that lieth below."*
- Inspiration ..... Bro. Calame  
*"Heaven but the Vision of fulfill'd Desire,  
 And Hell the Shadow from a soul on fire."*

Guy A. Calame, '27; Albert J. Rose, '27; Emil Henriksen, '28; Carey C. Shaw, '28; Peter D. Stewart, '28, and William A. Landry, '28, were initiated into the conclave of the Kappa Gamma on the night before the banquet was celebrated.

Saturday afternoon, the fourteenth, the Marjorie Webster School disappointed the Greeners who were looking forward with great enthusiasm to a basket-ball game between the Gallaudet Co-eds and the powerful opponents from the school of expression and physical education when they sent word in the eleventh hour that they were unable to come. Despite this, two pick-up teams were arranged to furnish an entertainment on the floor, and the game turned out well.

The students began to put on their thinking cap, preparatory to examinations for the second term which took place from the seventeenth through the twentieth. A good many came out with flying colors, though a number of them are still entitled to this last chance when they undergo re-examinations.

Professor and Mrs. Skyberg tendered a card party in compliment to the members of the Senior Class on Friday evening, the twentieth. This helped the Seniors to banish the left over cares of gruelling examinations and the evening turned out pleasant for all. A delightful little supper was served in the beautifully decorated dining-room. The Class 1925 cake was specially attractive; it was iced with chocolate and decorated in light orange, which are the colors of the class.

Saturday evening, the twenty-first, Professor Peters, associate astronomer of the United States Naval Observatory, delivered, under the auspices of the Science Club of Gallaudet College, an illustrated lecture dealing in general astronomical subjects. Many splendid slides of the solar eclipse, comets and the phases of the moon were shown. The Seniors were specially interested for the reason that they have studied astronomy.

Baseball is now in full swing under the guidance of Coach Ferguson, '17, baseball star of the bygone days. Manager Burnes, '26, has arranged a splendid schedule:

- March 28—Catholic University at Brookland
- April 4—University of Maryland at home
- April 22—Briarley Hall Military Academy at home
- April 25—University of Maryland at College Park
- April 29—George Washington University at home
- May 2—Quantico Marines at Quantico
- May 6—John Hopkins University at Baltimore
- May 9—Blue Ridge College at Kendall Green

#### A DIPLOMAT

"Father," said Chester, "What is a diplomat?"

"A diplomat, my son," answered the father, "Is a man who remembers a woman's birthday and forgets her age."

## Edison Is Not Deaf

Editor of the SILENT WORKER:

Dear Sir—About a year and six months ago I wrote to an Ohio newspaper concerning Thomas A. Edison's famous "deafness," as well as that of Beethoven and that of another somewhat widely known case. My letter was reprinted in the SILENT WORKER, as some of your readers might remember. I set forth that Mr. Edison was not deaf and that he never had been. If he were deaf he could have had no more to do with the devising and perfecting of such an instrument as the phonograph than Helen Keller, the blind girl, could officiate as coxswain of the blimp Shenandoah—or words to that effect.

Now the current issue of the *International* has an article by Mr. Edison, through one Edward Marshall, which substantiates my contention, though Edison claims to be deaf, which he has no more right to do than Theodore Roosevelt, who always wore glasses, had a right to claim he was blind, which, so far as I know, Mr. Roosevelt never did.

This article by Edison, through Marshall, shows plainly, though they did not use the words, that the inventor became hard of hearing at the age of twelve years, which increased gradually as the years passed, to the extent that he missed most of what was said in ordinary conversation, but he could hear a high pitch of voice, or if he would use an ear trumpet or some other sound amplifying device, which he doubtless did in connection with his work with the phonograph. I, as well as others, feel greatly obliged to Mr. Edison for his interesting story of the fun he had and the big money he made out of his hardness of hearing. But why not use right words? Mr. Edison is not deaf.

FRANK M. HOWE.

## Purchases Printing Plant

Having purchased a printing plant and having settled down for the time being, is a good indication that the printer's ink is still on the fingers of our good friend, Mr. Owen G. Carrell. He has recently bought a newspaper plant at Burgaw, N. C., down in Pender county, and is doing well.

We are sure that unless some unforeseen thing should "pop" up, Mr. Carrell can do nothing but succeed. He is one of the brightest deaf men in the United States and handles a powerful pen.

We find ourselves falling in line with his many friends in congratulating Mr. Carrell upon the splendid achievement made in purchasing the printing plant, and wish for him all the continued success he deserves in the newspaper field.—*The Deaf Citizen*.

## The Minister's Mistake

The minister of a country church was greatly annoyed on Sundays by the women turning around every time any one came in and so interrupting the service. At last he hit upon a plan for stopping it. The next time he gave the notice out: "So that no one need turn around, I will call out the name of any person entering the church during my sermon." And he started: "Dearly beloved brethren—Farmer Jacobs and wife—the text for today will be—Miss Jones—second chapter, second verse of—Mrs. Brown and baby—St. John, where it says—Mrs. and Mrs. Smith with a new bonnet on. Here he discovered his mistake and was going to correct himself, but it was too late—all the women in the place had turned; they had to see the new bonnet.—*Selected*.



Front row, left to right—John Tolpa, Philip Harris. Second row—Anaclet Mercier, Treasurer; Joseph Gagnon, Vice-President; Arno Klopfer, President; Frank Kusiak, Secretary; George O'Brien, Director. Third row—Anthony Przybyla, Hilaire Cheverette, Messenger; Joseph Kremer, Patriarch; Hiram Marr, Sergeant; Louis Jacques, Edward Guyott. Fourth row—Joseph Lepage, John Kiely, Henry Gunther, Harry Almond, Henry Proulx. Back—Valentine Tolpa, Joseph O'Connell.

## THE STAJO STUDIO



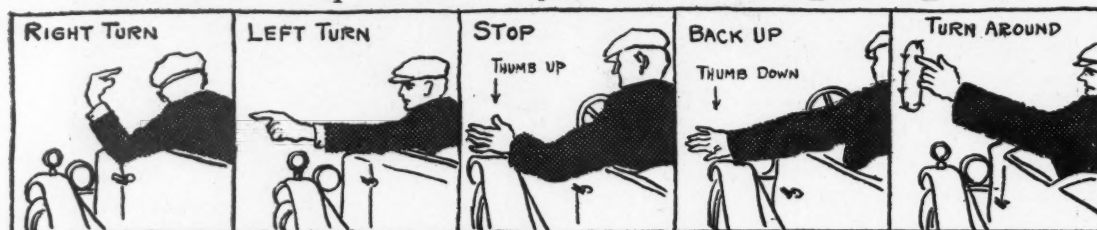
HE undersigned announces that he has opened a shop where attractive and useful articles are for sale. Patrons who are in search of something out of the ordinary—from an artistic point of view—are invited to write and tell him their wants.

The following list will give an idea of the line carried or made to order:

Trianon Shelf	Greeting Cards
Candlesticks	Tooth Brush Rack
Dutch Colonial Shelf	Bobbettes
Egg Timer	Bud Vase
Desk and Stool for Children	Kitchen File Box
Tally Cards	Bread Plate and Knife
	Fruit Bowl, etc

JOHN M. STAUFFER,  
424 West Broad St., Hazelton, Pa.

## Autoists Adopt Harris System Hand Signaling



The Albany Automobile Club, in an effort to assist motorists in making and keeping the roads safe, has accepted the simple uniform system of hand signaling prepared by Dr. John A. Harris, a police commissioner of New York. Members of the automobile club will be asked to use it this summer and to urge its general adoption in Albany County.

Although the majority of motorists employ some form of hand signaling, most of them follow their own ideas as to signals, with the result that they amount to little more than a warning that the driver is about to change his course, without indicating the direction.

The members of the Albany club believe that, if uniform signals are generally used, the number of accidents will be greatly decreased this season. The Harris signals are simple, easily remembered and show clearly the intention of the driver using them.

The Albany club also calls attention to the following rules which, if strictly followed, will greatly help to make driving safe:

Don't forget to keep to the right when meeting a vehicle, or rounding a corner, turn, curve or circle or when approaching a hilltop, cross roads or street. It is also best to keep to the right of the center of the road, even if it is a bit rough. On important city streets, keep to the right at all times and as near the right hand curb as possible, subject, however, to duty to slowly moving vehicles. It is best not

to pass another vehicle to the left on any important street, if so doing brings one's car to the left of the center of the street.

Do not use the "right of way" arbitrarily, but reasonably. Insistence upon it, even if in the right, may cause an accident. Do not forget to give the right of way to another vehicle approaching a crossroads or street intersection from the right. Do not neglect to give the right of way to a street car, at least between cross streets. Don't fail to give the right of way to fire apparatus and other public emergency vehicles, also to mail wagons. Do not forget to give the right of way to a pedestrian, who is reasonably engaged in crossing the streets or road in front, especially at street crossings. Do not omit giving the right of way to a procession, waiting until it is passed or until the police signal for traffic to move.

Do not turn a corner, turn around or abruptly change your course at a high rate of speed, but slowly and well under control. Do not turn a corner or turn around or stop or back without looking both for vehicles and pedestrians and giving a plainly visible signal. Do not "cut corner" when turning to the left but make a wide turn.

Do not stop in the street or road except in cases of necessity or emergency to allow right of way or safe passage to vehicles or pedestrians. Do not stop too closely behind another vehicle or street car, especially if the pavement is wet, or in a condition likely to cause skidding.—*The Knickerbocker Press, Albany, N. Y., March 22.*

## The Mutes of Alaska

One sometimes hears of the Mutes of Alaska, and the thought that first comes is that of unfortunate beings who can not speak or hear. Far from it—the Mutes of Alaska are a curious tribe of people who are of whiter skin than any other races of that country. They resemble the Mongolian type, with prominent cheekbones, oblique eyes, and straight coarse hair. They also have very bright brown eyes and very white teeth.

The name Mute is simply a word used to designate their place of residence, and means, in their native language, "dweller at or upon." The people of Teibulach are called Teibulach Mutes.

Their religion is one of the most curious in the world and seems to be based upon the belief in evil spirits, and their object in holding ceremonies is for the purpose of driving them away.

The ceremonies are similar to those of the Indians, and their toonrach is like the Indian medicine-man. If a person is sick, this man is called upon to drive away the evil spirit that is bothering the sick one. This spirit must be sent away from the body into the sea, and when the seals and whales are due to arrive the same spirits must be driven from the sea so that the prey will not be driven off before a good killing is had by the natives.

It seems to be the thought that the toonrach gets the evil

spirits to enter his own body, and so he goes into the sick-house, sits silently for some time and then begins to roll his eyes, shakes all over as if in convulsions, and falls to the floor, where he groans and has a paroxysm of contortion. After a period, depending upon the seriousness of the illness of the person whom he is treating, he sits up, regains his composure, smokes a pipe of peace and receives his fee. Then he goes forth and casts away the evil spirits that may have entered his own body. Before he comes into a house, all knives and tools must be taken from the house, for these are not allowed in a house where there is illness of any kind.

When a Mute dies, his sled is first broken up and his furs, spears, knives and rifles are gathered together and placed upon his grave. If he has been a successful whaler the long jawbones of the whale are placed in an upright position to mark his grave. Such is their reverence for the dead that no Mute will ever go near a grave and nothing will be touched that is laid upon it. The people even make few paths around a newly made grave so as to make a large circuit in passing it.

When the time comes for hunting seals or whales, the same scenes are enacted as in the sick-room, only they take place near the seashore. The toonrach goes through his contortions, smokes his peace pipe and receives a gift from each of the hunters.—*Young People.*



## Editorials *From the Type Metal Magazine*

**M**AN is his own severset critic. The worst indictment of New York is contained in the New York newspapers.

This is true of every city and town.

**Also of every business and profession.** ..

If you want to hear a town damned go to those who live there and give them your ear.

If you want to hear the black side of any business, spend an evening with a man who makes his living in it.

Everyone naturally supposes that the cities are far behind the rural districts in morals, health, thrift, industry, and all the qualities which we associate with progressive and healthful society.

As a matter of fact, the census tells a different story, showing that in many, if not most respects, the cities are superior to the country.

The cities, however, advertise their wickedness more vigorously than the country and so we get a wrong idea.

Nature in the rough state is not the attractive mistress that we give her credit for. The country improves under man's hand.

When the city people go to the country they build better homes, with more conveniences and better sanitation than the country people. True, one reason is because the city people can afford luxuries denied the country people, but money does not get results unless the tastes and standards are right.

The cities have their tenements with filth and dirt, but **have you ever been in a shack in the country where the livestock gets better attention than the children?** The further you get from the influence of the city the more common such conditions become.

Take the same class of people who make our city tenements, transplant them to the country and they will duplicate the squalor of the city.

Ask any of our soldiers who saw service in Europe about the sanitary and moral standards of the average European peasant and his descriptions will shock you.

Man hasn't made as big a fizzle as he has marked up against himself. His discontent in a healthy sign and the germ from which improvement must grow. But now and then he can afford to make a **credible inventory.**

**I**N the smoke and oil and dust and sweat of a foundry and machine shop, it is hard for us to see the real and fine side of business.

What is it all for, and what is the thing that inspires the owners to stay on the job?

Of course, first of all, it is profits.

The main idea is to make money.

The profit and loss account is the heart beat of business.

But there is something else.

The other day I visited a medium-sized plant in a small city where they make huge alligator shears, and which they sell to steel plants, railroads, contractors, and scrap iron dealers.

The last form the bulk of the business.

I talked to the son of the founder, a young man in his thirties, who had assumed the practical management of the plant.

Here was a business that you would hardly expect to appeal to the imagination of a young man who was in the habit of wearing pressed clothes and clean linen. The shop was necessarily dirty, due to the nature of the business. The neighborhood was uninviting, off from the business district and chopped up by switch yards.

The plant was a two-story brick structure, with the office

on the second floor—no oak or mahogany woodwork, just plain painted softboard lumber.

A typical last generation foundry and machine shop!

But this young man hadn't inherited a last generation imagination.

He had been put through the mill by his father—two years in the plant, three years of selling in the field, and now in his fourth year at an inside desk job, managing.

Evidently he was making a success, for the last four years had been the most successful in the history of the company.

The source of his enthusiasm was the service his shears would give. The whole thing came out in a story he told.

"Six years ago," he said, "I made four special trips to Detroit to sell one of our shears to a scrap iron dealer. At the time this man had only two wagons and a small yard. His total profits netted him ordinary wages, but by persistent thrift he had accumulated about \$1,500, enough to buy one set of shares. My job was to break down his resistance to letting that hard-earned cash leave his hands.

"Well, to make the story short, he installed our shears. By being able to cut his scrap into marketable lengths, he at once doubled his profit on every ton of iron. He began to grow. The next year we sold him another shears. Now he has a battery of eight. He has moved into a new yard, and is probably one of the most prosperous dealers in the city."

It seemed to us that this young man's development symbolizes the whole trend of modern business.

Every business has a social aspect, if we have the imagination to see it.

**F**EW of us realize the tremendous investment that the world has made in tools since the industrial revolution began in the second half of the eighteenth century.

This revolution was started in 1764 by Hargreaves' spinning jenny.

Following this came a series of epoch-making inventions, culminating in Watt's steam engine, Fulton's steamboat, and Stephenson's locomotive. The last was perfected in 1830.

From this time on, men began to replace hand tools with machine tools, and nowhere is there a better index of the rapidity of the development than in the iron and steel industry.

With few exceptions, iron is used solely as an instrument of production. It is a means to an end, because in satisfying our personal wants, few of us have any need for iron or steel.

Yet the world's annual production of iron has multiplied tenfold in the last 50 years, and sixty-fold in 100 years.

In 1800 the output was 825,000 tons; the figure is now probably close to 75,000,000 tons.

The significance of this lies in the fact that there is probably as much human energy used today in making the tools of production as in actual production.

Many sociologists and economists are disturbed because of the constant and increasing influx of farmers to the cities.

This is a serious matter, of course, but the tendency is to overlook one important reason why the farm population is decreasing while the city population is increasing.

Farming, like all other productive activities, is becoming machine proposition.

The farm was the last to turn to machinery as an aid to better and faster production, but the past ten or fifteen years have witnessed a rapid swing in that direction.

# THE DEAF WORLD

Compiled by Kelly Stevens

Horace B. Sanders, and Bernard Gordy, two pupils in the deaf grade of the Atlanta public schools have been given licenses to operate moving picture machines, and are now engaged in operating the moving picture machine of the Oakland City public school. These young men are quite young, and are the first and only deaf persons in this section that we know of that are engaged in such an occupation. They are said to be excellent operators. *Deaf-Mutes' Journal.*

Two pupils of this school have successfully made their marks in direct competition with high school pupils of the hearing schools. We give the honorable mention to Miss Hazel Holmes of the senior class, for the success in winning one of the first prizes in the Better Home-Lighting contest, and to Konrad Hokanson of the Tenth Grade, to whom fell the honor of choice by State sporting authorities as the outstanding star full-back in the Iowa High School Athletic Association last season.

Both of the young people are equally proficient in athletics and in the classroom. We commend their good work, and predict that they will bring further credit to their school.—*The Iowa Hawkeye.*

Miss Maxine Morris, our deaf dancer, whom many of the visitors at the N. A. D. convention will remember as taking a leading part in the festivities at East Lake, and who was almost drowned in the tragedy that followed and cost two of the other performers their lives, recently won first prize in a citywide commercial art exhibit for students, held here in November by the Atlanta Advertising Club in connection with the national commercial art exhibit. Winners were announced, after judges had viewed 40 entries from practically every school in the city. Miss Morris, who is a pupil of the Joe Brown Junior High School in West End, won a gold medal as personal prize, and she also won for her school a painting by Frank Russo.—*Deaf-Mutes' Journal.*

As a means of increasing one's vocabulary and of making fine discriminations in the use of synonyms the cross-work puzzle ought to be a benefit to the deaf. It is a benefit to the hearing, but the deaf need a drill on these things. They may be giving it vigorous

attention, if so, this advice is not necessary.

But those who have not yet given this puzzle any consideration, would do well to look into it. It seems to have another fascination for the mind. It teaches concentration, it holds interest, it occupies one's idle time, it is a winter resportsort and it is educational.

The only trouble with it is that it often crowds out attention to other needful things such as eating and sleeping. Still when one becomes really hungry or sleepy nature will compel obedience to her laws.

But scientists say that people eat too much and to miss a meal occasionally is a good thing.

So the cross-word puzzle has come in the fulness of time to help mankind in many ways, but no one more than the deaf.—*Ohio Chronicle.*

Almost on the very last days of 1924, an experiment for the restoration of hearing was tried at Mitchell Field, Long Island. It seems that a Mr. Kling, a hard of hearing man, who seems to have been rejected in the army, learned of the supposed restoration of the hearing of a deaf girl in the Windy City, and applied to the authorities at Washington, D. C., for permission to regain his hearing in the same way by diving to earth from an airplane 2,000 feet up in the air. The experiment proved a flat failure, therefore saving much annoyance to us deaf-mutes, because if Mr. Kling, an only partly deaf man had started it had helped him, the reports from newspapers would have been of a sensation encouraging character, and the Aviation Department at Mitchell Field and elsewhere would have been swamped with applicants of deaf and partly deaf for similar trial, in the hope of having their hearing restored. The truth of the matter is that the deaf are yet where they were before this and other experiments to restore their hearing—still deaf.—*Deaf-Mutes' Journal.*

## A THRIFTY DEAF MAN

One of the handsomest residences owned by a deaf man is that of A. W. Pope, located in Water Park, St. Augustine. And it was all his work in spite of the fact that he is employed by the Record Company, printers, as linotype operator-machinist. He did most of the work in the evenings after working hours, and it took about two years to complete it. It is of California bungalow type, with six spacious rooms on the

first floor, and three upstairs. Every detail was neatly done, and showed unusual workmanship, and good taste. Even the electric-light fixtures were all his own hand make.

Mr. Pope is well known over Florida as the oldest alumnus of the Florida School and as vice-president of the association for two terms. He married Miss Cora Carlton, one of his old classmates, and now secretary of the association. They have four children, one daughter and three boys. The oldest boy, Verle, is taking the law course in the University of Florida.

Mr. Pope is an operator-machinist of exceptional ability, and does all the high class work for which the Record Company is famous over the South. He is a splendid type of a deaf man who has overcome odds and made good.—*Florida School Herald.*

## ANOTHER FOOLISH QUESTION

When school work was resumed after the holiday vacation, one of our girls told us of a rather amusing incident which took place twice during her vacation. She related how a couple of hours after she and some other pupils had boarded the train at Olathe, some fellow passenger inquired on a sheet of paper if the whole bunch were related. To this, she of course answered "No," and explained that they were all from different parts of the state, homeward bound for the holiday vacation. This passenger had probably never heard of a school for the deaf, and inquiry made most of the children wonder what sort of an education this person had.

It was a foolish and absurd question, as there were as many as twenty-five children on the car, all ranging from the ages of six to twenty.

Further on, most of these children had to change cars at a junction point, and while waiting for their train, they went into a drug store and once more some one inquired if they were related.

Such questions as these show that there are still quite a few people in America who are utterly ignorant of the deaf. It is true that a few—a very small number—of the deaf come from deaf parents, but a large number, possibly 98 or 99 per cent have parents whose hearing is perfect.

This little incident recalls a fool movement started about a decade ago by a certain doctor in New York, who suggested that all the deaf throughout the land be herded together on some remote island in the Pacific. By means of an

operation which he called vasectomy, they could not reproduce. This, he thought, would eventually rid the world of what he called a menace.

However, he later saw his pet theory shattered when it was proven that 98 or 99 per cent of the deaf throughout the country come from hearing parents.

The chances of an adventitiously deaf couple having deaf children are as many as those of a one-armed man having one-armed children. It has been proven, however, that the chances of a deaf offspring from a congenitally deaf couple are slightly greater than the general average of all others.—*Foltz in Kansas Star.*

#### WHAT'S THE ANSWER?

The Editor's wife has a cat, and thereby hangs a tale, not the tail behind the cat, but a tale about the cat. The feline is a yellow Angora, of ballon size, whose hair is not bobbed after the prevailing fashion. It is equipped with all of the nine lives of an ordinary cat, but it has one characteristic that we think other cats lack. When the family are at meals, pussy will come to the table and open his mouth with all the symptoms of mewling. But nary mew is heard. There are all the motions of it, but no sound accompanies them. The cat can mew all right on other occasions. A few months ago the aforesaid wife had also a little fox terrier. This had the same trick at the table. It would open its jaws with all the symptoms of barking, but no bark came out. When the doorbell rang, however, doggie could bark to beat the band. What's the answer? Did these animals reason that mewling and barking were a waste of energy addressed to the deaf ears of the editor and his wife? Had they observed that those two persons talked by signs without voice, and taken their cue accordingly. The *Kentucky Standard* recently published a little story about a king's horse that walked lame because its groom was lame. Is this a similar case? Anyway we hope it will not be used as an argument against the sign-language.—*Minnesota Companion.*

#### JUDGE HARLAN DISSENTS IN DEAF-MUTE CASE


The appeal of L. Byrd Brushwood from the decision of the Commissioner of Motor Vehicles of Maryland refusing to grant him an automobile license, just because he was deaf, was dismissed with discussion. We note Judge Harlan's opinion criticises the attitude of the State officials in excluding deaf drivers on the ground that if the drivers now licensed do not obey the laws accidents may happen. Disagreeing with the majority views of the Court, we publish below his opinion in full.

#### DISSENTING OPINION


I am unable to agree with the views of the majority of the Court in this case.

There are two questions before the Court,—first: the jurisdiction of the Court on the appeal. Second: the propriety of the action of the Commissioner of Motor Vehicles.

Section 145 of Article 56 of the Code, as amended by Chapter 506 of the act of

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1920, provides for an appeal from the action of the Commissioner in refusing, suspending or revoking licenses; and necessarily such an appeal can be the case before the Court here de novo; and there can be found in the statutes no limitations upon the power of the Court to decide the case in accordance with what is right and just.

This, therefore, is not a review of the discretion of the Commissioner of Motor Vehicles; but a rehearing of the case to determine whether the applicant Brushwood is entitled to have a license to operate motor vehicles.

The evidence and record show that upon the written application of Brushwood for a license, he was required to state whether or not his hearing was good; and, when he answered that he was totally deaf, opportunity was refused him to demonstrate his ability to drive a car; and no investigation was made of his character and reputation as a prudent and careful man,—the license was peremptorily refused him solely upon the ground that he was deaf.

The evidence before the Court showed that Brushwood was a man nearing middle age, that he had been driving a car for over two years during which time he had driven about twelve thousand miles; that he had driven a number of times in the congested traffic of Baltimore City; that he was regarded by his neighbors who had driven with him and had seen him drive as a careful and prudent man; and that he had never had an accident of any kind.

Assuming as correct the position of the majority of the Court that the Commissioner cannot prescribe arbitrary qualifications for operators' licenses not found in the law, and that deafness in itself does not amount to a disqualification, then the only logical verdict in this case could be a reversal of the Commissioner's ruling in order that the applicant might have an opportunity to demonstrate his ability to drive a car.

The action of the majority of the Court, however, is to sustain the Commissioner in his absolute refusal without regard to what qualifications the applicant may possess, to grant him a license on account of his deafness.

The testimony of the heads of two important institutions for the deaf,—Gallaudet College in Washington and the State School at Frederick,—was that the deaf cultivated their other senses to such an extent that they are very

little handicapped in their actions by their lack of hearing.

Those who are deaf comprise a considerable portion of our community, and no one has ever contended that they are incompetent to drive horse drawn vehicles; and to decide, as the majority of this Court has done, arbitrarily that this class of citizens shall be barred from the use of the public highways by the ordinary means of transportation now employed seems extremely unjust.

Every applicant for a license is entitled to have his case investigated fairly; and, if he is competent to handle a machine and is not otherwise objectionable, his inability to hear is no impediment to his obtaining a license. It is then up to the applicant to see that he obeys the rules of the road, and to avoid accidents.

The Commissioner of Motor Vehicles himself testified that, if the rules of the road were obeyed, there would be no accidents; and these rules certainly depend not at all upon man's ability to hear. The contention that accidents are likely to occur through the meeting of fire engines on the highways seems to me to find a fitting setting in Anderson's Fairy Tales.

For these reasons, I feel that, this man having shown that he is competent to drive a car and that he is an intelligent, decent and careful man, is entitled to receive his license; and the judgment in this case should be reversed and the Commissioner directed to issue a license to him.—*The Democrat, Bel Air, Md., March 6, 1925.*

#### THE STATUS OF THE DEAF AUTOMOBILE DRIVER IN MARYLAND

A number of the press accounts have called attention to the recent ruling against deaf automobile drivers in the State of Maryland. We have read the articles with much interest for some of them clearly demonstrate how difficult it is to get the correct view if a situation spread abroad. Unfortunately the reporter who wrote up the case for the Baltimore papers were prejudiced to a high degree. None of the arguments used by those who supported the deaf cause were mentioned and even the names of some of the most important witnesses were omitted while such flimsy arguments as were woven together by the



defense were carefully spread out to make the semblance of the case. The Attorney General of the State was referred to as having "handed down a decision" while as a matter of fact he, together with the Assistant Attorney General were merely acting in the capacity of attorneys for the Commissioner.

As stated in our last issue the case was not in reality tried upon the merits of deaf drivers, for the decision hinged rather upon the legal right of the Commissioner to use his discretionary judgment rather than upon the ability of the plaintiff to prove to the judges that a deaf man could actually drive an automobile safely on the public highways. One of the judges dissented from this interpretation and wrote a very clear opinion as a minority report. This opinion in its entirety is printed on another page.

A writer in the *Minnesota Companion* treats the matter rather flippantly, stating: No more "Maryland My Maryland for me." He writes that "all of the states except Maryland are reasonable about giving the deaf a square deal." Let us analyze this for just a moment. New Jersey's Automobile Commissioner is fully as stringent in his rulings as is Colonel Baughman of Maryland. Pennsylvania was on the verge of barring the deaf from driving and the permits in that State are considerably qualified even at this time. Bear in mind the fact that very few states require of drivers a permit, but as the congestion increases more drastic laws will be passed in every state. There are in all localities men who hold conscientiously the view that the deaf are handicapped in this particular. In Maryland it so happens that this is the view held by the Commissioner of Motor Vehicles, in coincidence which has worked hardship to the deserving deaf.

When physical examinations are required for drivers' certificates it is natural that the question of hearing as well as vision will arise, and it is also natural that while every automobile is provided with a horn people should assume that hearing is an essential factor. They must be taught that those deaf from childhood have become accustomed to letting their eyes serve where hearing persons naturally are inclined to rely upon their hearing.

For some time we have been working diligently among influential men of the State convincing them of these facts. After an interview with Governor Ritchie a short time ago, he started that he personally could see no particular reason why deafness should be a barrier, but that he did not wish to interfere with rulings made by the Automobile Commissioner who was entrusted with the responsibility of protecting the safety of motorists. At present we are negotiating with Commissioner Baughman, and believe we shall soon have arrived at some satisfactory solution to the problem.

We agree heartily with a statement recently made in the *Hawkeye* to the effect that the deaf, whenever possible, should join State Automobile Associations and not antagonize the opposition by abusive articles in the press. For even though such articles may appear to have justice on their side they can serve no other purpose than to encourage the authorities to more strongly fortify themselves in the stand they have taken. In our own state, we have found this barrier a difficult one to tear down.—*The Maryland Bulletin*.

#### THE LOUISVILLE WELFARE ASSOCIATION

John H. Mueller, President.  
G. Gordon Kannapell, Vice-President.  
J. William Ferg, Secretary-Treasurer.

##### OFFICIAL BULLETIN No. 1

The Louisville Deaf-Mute Welfare Association is a consolidation of the Silent Branch of the Men's Club of Cathedral House and the Louisville Silent Athletic Club—for the best interest and welfare of the deaf; it is non-sectarian, and non-political. We expect to be listed with the Louisville Board of Trade as a worthy cause, to get the endorsement of all civic bodies and various clubs and to affiliate with the community chest as a *non-beneficiary* member.

We believe that an organization of the deaf, for the deaf and by the deaf of this nature, if they stick together and help one another, bearing mind our dearly beloved State's motto, is bound to succeed and do much good. Co-operation and harmony are the two things most needed to guide us to success. Today, not only locally, but the world over, among the deaf, co-operation is the outstanding need. With the united and wholehearted support and co-operation of all the deaf much good can be accomplished now-a-days. This crying need of co-operation in all things, especially for the welfare and advancement of the deaf, was never more evident than it is today.

The aims and objects of the Association are:

To establish a club house of our own, where our members can assemble for recreation, social intercourse, lectures, etc., without having to patronize the cheap pool room and dancing hall down town; a place where a deserving stranger can be assured of a welcome, and when necessary, a night's lodging among sympathetic friends.

To establish a night school where English, History and Mathematics will be taught to such of the deaf who care to take advantage of the opportunity.

Organization for protection against discriminatory legislation, such as has been and is being passed in a number of States, and which possibly may be attempted in Kentucky.

We have had frequent calls from the police department, traveller's aid, associated charities for the assistance along this line. We feel that the time has arrived for us to do the work ourselves.

We intend to have a department to look after those frequent "deaf" imposters and beggars, to co-operate more fully in their prosecution when they are taken in by the police, and do all we can to have the full penalty of the law on them.

To educate the hearing public as to the deaf, their abilities and needs; to advance their intellectual, professional and industrial standards and status; to improve their mental, physical and spiritual welfare.

In a nutshell, we intend to organize for mutual welfare advancement and protection.

Two rousing get-together meetings under the auspices of the Association, to which the entire population of Louisville and environs were invited, were held January 30th and February 27th. Speeches were made, explaining the aims and objects of the Association; plans were made for recruits, which drew hearty responses—we start with a roster of 40 members, with that many more in prospect.—*The Kentucky Standard*.

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## The British Deaf Times

An illustrated magazine—newspaper  
for the Deaf

Published every two months  
EDITED BY

ALFRED SHANKLAND

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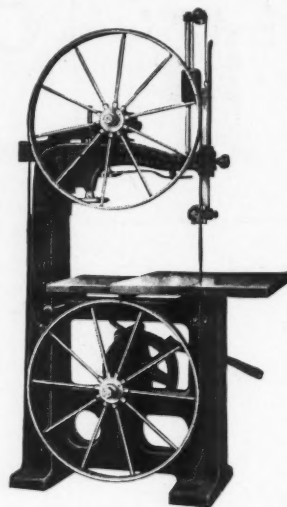
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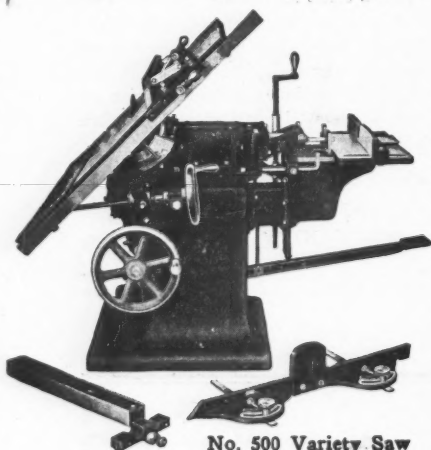
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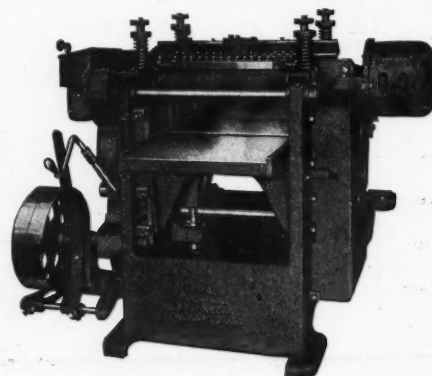
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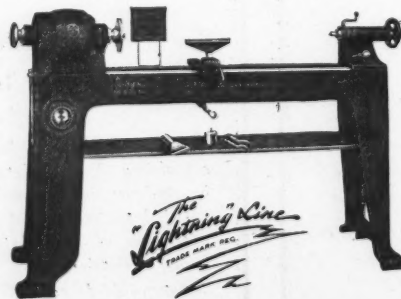
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Keep a-goin!  
Ef it hails or ef it snows,  
Keep a-goin!

'Tiant no use to set an' whine  
When the fish aint on yer line;  
Bait yer hook an' keep on trying',  
Keep a-goin!

When the weather kills yer crop,  
Keep a-goin!  
When you tumble from the top,  
Keep a-goin!

S'pose you're out o' every dime,  
Bein' so ain't any **crime**;  
'Tell the world you're feelin' **prime**,  
Keep a-goin!

When it looks like all is up,  
Keep a-goin!  
Drain the sweetness from the cup,  
Keep a-goin!

See the wild birds on the wing;  
Hear the bells that sweetly ring;  
When you feel like sighin', **sing**!  
Keep a-goin!

Frank L. Stanton  
in  
American Magazine